The RING

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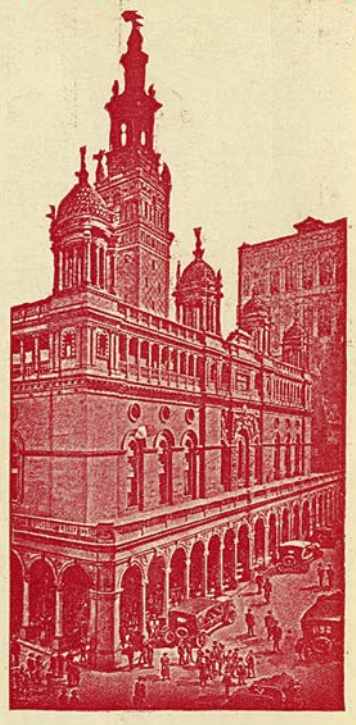

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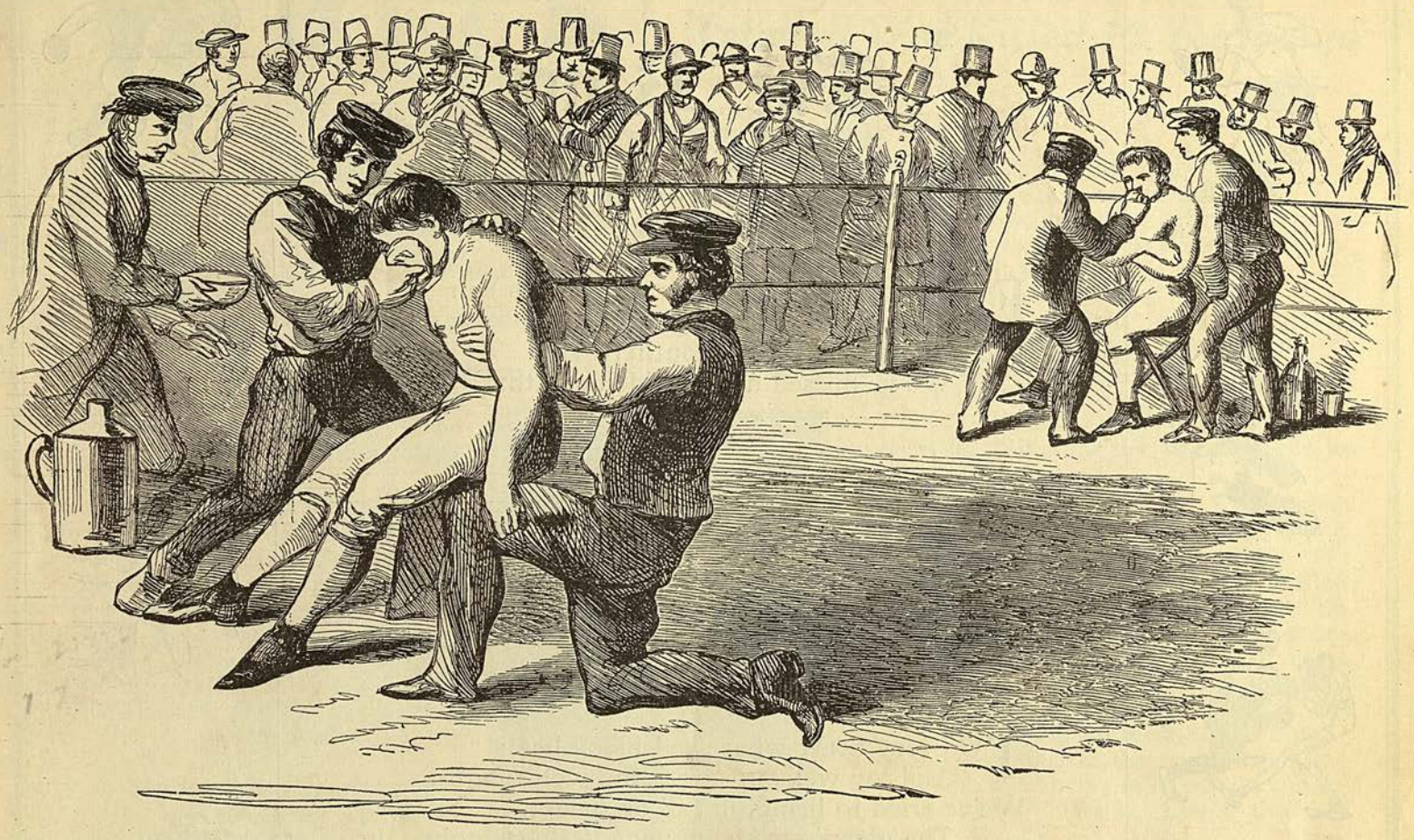

Fight Scene in Ring Pitched on Turf. Seconds Working Feverishly Over Their Charges at the End of a Draw

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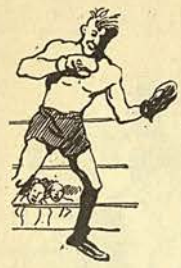
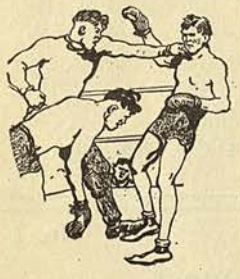




The Ring

(Third Anniversary Number)

FOR two quick years our course has run
The gamut of the fighting line.
From northern turf to southern surf
We've missed no ringside deed that's fine.

THE champions of poundage great,
The leaders of the battling mites.
The large, the small—we've shown them all,
And helped them on to greater heights.

TO every heart where red blood beats
And joy wells up for fights well fought,
We've tried to bring, in fall or spring,
The gleanings of the news we've caught.

THE Ring is read in Samarkand,
In old Bagdad and new Detroit,
In Grecian vale and Scottish dale,
In London streets and in Beloit.

NOT ours to cheer or pat our back
At what the passing years have brought.
Whose honor, then?—Why, those keen men
Who helped us toward the goal we sought.

WE heeded but their silent plea
To sentinel the battle line,
And keep the game of ancient fame
Abreast the surging flood of time.

—JACK KOFOED.

TAD'S TIDBITS

Last of Great Middleweights Passed Out When Stanley Ketchell Was Killed 12 Years Ago

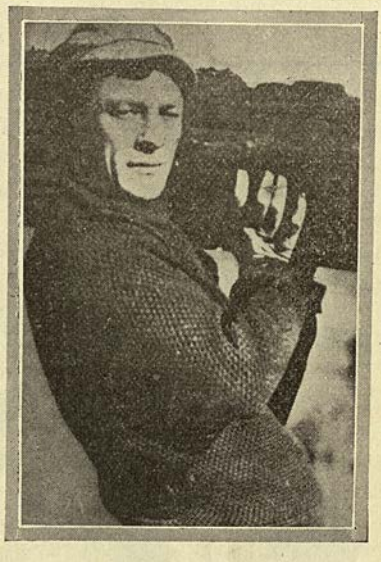
By TAD
N. Y. Evening Journal's Great Cartoonist

WHEN Stanley Ketchell was shot and killed by Walter Dipley at Conway, Mo., on October 15, 1910 it seems that the middleweight class, as far as ability went, died also.

There hasn't been one title holder since who was worth his salt.

Ketchell was the most picturesque figure the sporting world has ever known.

He was born and raised in Michigan and most of his life was spent in hobo fashion. He simply adored such men as the James Boys and would rather have been a good train robber than a champion fighter any day.



Stanley Ketchell

He started fighting at an early age around Butte, Montana, and drifted from place to place, grabbing a fight here and there, until he made Sacramento, California, one day and started the boys thinking.

He had won a fight there in a few rounds, so promoters at Marysville, another small town, signed him up for a Fourth of July date with Joe Thomas, who was at that time considered the top-notch welter of the country.

A party of San Francisco sporting men, headed by Jim Coffroth, went up to see Thomas "trim another sucker."

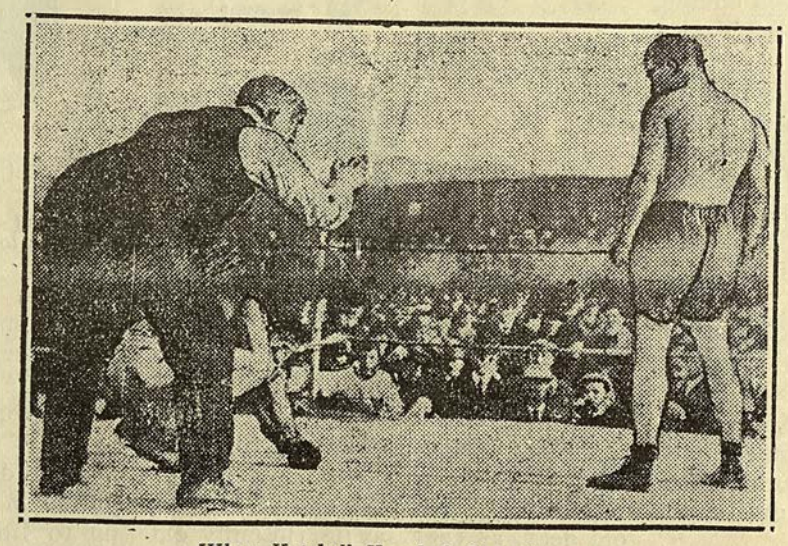
They were greatly shocked, however, to see Thomas barely escape with his life. He got a draw, and was lucky at that.

Ketchell was then brought to San Francisco and his career really started. He knocked out Thomas, then stopped Mike Twin Sullivan, Jack Twin Sullivan, Hugo Kelly and later won a decision over Papke in Milwaukee.

He was matched with Papke again and they fought at Los Angeles, Ketchell being knocked out in twelve rounds after one of the gamest exhibitions ever seen in a ring.

Papke caught Ketchell between the eyes with a right in the first round, almost closing them. As the fight progressed the eyes were finally closed, and Ketchell, although he had to be led to the center of the ring for five rounds or so, refused to quit until knocked out.

Two months later, however, he had his revenge, for he stopped Papke in eleven rounds at Colma, California.



When Ketchell Knocked Out Thomas

Willie Britt then assumed the management of Ketchell and brought him to New York.

The writer met the pair at the old Bartholdi Hotel the day they arrived. There was Willie with his big cigar and there was Ketchell all rigged up like an automobile racer. He had been out in a car already burning up the roads.

Willie called him Steve, and then by way of explanation said: "You know, I call him Steve and he calls me John."

We chatted about things pugilistic, and Ketchell, although usually very backward and shy about his ability, said: "You know, out West they call me a slugger. I'm not being credited with a bit of cleverness. Maybe I don't look clever when those fellows are missing me, but I make them miss, just the same. I have their swings measured and when I pull away a bit I'm not lucky, I'm making them miss. I call that cleverness if they don't."

That's all he ever said about himself. He used to let Willie do the talking while he did the socking.

Britt matched his man for a ten-round bout here in New York with "Philadelphia Jack" O'Brien. What a fight that was! For seven rounds it was nip and tuck. First the clever O'Brien jabbed and made the great Ketchell swing wildly. Then the thing would turn. Ketchell would catch O'Brien, send him spinning, force him to hug and to dance when he could. It had the crowd standing up most of the time.

At the beginning of the tenth round, the writer, who was sitting in Ketchell's corner, said to Britt: "Willie, here's the last chance."

Willie turned, saying: "Why we've GOT A WHOLE ROUND TO GO."

You'd have thought it was an hour or so.

That last round was a darb! The big fellows fought like wildcats. Both were cut and reeling around the ring like two well-ginned sailors. Finally Ketchell caught Jack a terrific left on the chin and Jack sank to the floor, his head resting in the rosin box in his own corner. The referee got to the count of "Eight" when the gong ended the greatest fight New Yorkers ever saw.

Three months later the pair met in Philly and Ketchell won easily. He knocked O'Brien for a row of tin soldiers in three rounds. Ketchell then stopped Willie Lewis here in two rounds. He always liked Lewis. He often said that Willie was the nicest boxer he had ever met.

Ketchell later stopped the rugged "Westchester Jim" Smith in five rounds, and then grabbed a rattler for Reno, where he bet his bank roll on Johnson to beat Jeffries.

He had been knocked out by Johnson and knew what the latter could do in the ring line.

That same year an assassin's bullet ended his career at the age of twenty-three.

May the sod rest lightly upon him.

Pounds Sterling and Avoirdupois

An Adventure of the Hon. Waffle-Waffle—Chapter II

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

(*Being an account of the adventures of the Honorable Montmorency Montgomery Waffle-Waffle as he forwards them to his friend, Mr. Archibald Peterkin Burns-Badly.*)

I have had my first experience with these boxing chappies in the States and I must admit, old dear, that I was frightfully bashed; done in, as it were.

We have met the enemy and we are theirs; all that sort of bally rot, old thing. A lamb among wolves in frightful old sheep's clothing. But it won't happen again, I assure you; rather not. You know what the Waffle-Waffles are. They never give up the fearful old ship, although I must say that most of them were soldiers and didn't have a chance to.

But to go on to my doing in by these prize fighting johnnies in the States. You recall, of course, about my being fearfully shipped off to America to strike cows on the ranches near New York; and how the silly old pater sent along young Higgins as my man. I told you all about that before and about his being the lightweight champion of Yorkshire—Higgins, that is, not the pater. The frightful old pater couldn't bally well bash in a robin's egg with his best. Just toddles around, now. And you must remember that I agreed to act as a manager chappie for Higgins instead of going out and jolly well boxing beeves, or whatever it is those Yanks do on their ranches.

Higgins assured me, old dear, that any kind of a bally old champion could get five thousand pounds for boxing some other chappie in the States. Rather cushy, eh, wot; like having a brother on the Board of the Bank of England, or some sort of jolly old rot like that.

Naturally I went immediately after a match for Higgins just as soon as we landed in New York. You know what the Waffles-Waffles are, old dear; strike while the sun is shining, and all that sort of thing. England expects every man to pay his duties, eh, wot?

One of the silly old press chappies who interviewed me on the boat told me where to go.

"You better run up an' see Tex Rickard," he said. "But be sure and don't take any wooden money."

"Oh, I say," I protested. "Not wooden money, rilly. You cawn't mean wooden money. Frightful old wooden money."

"Yep!" he assured me. "They've got lots of wooden money here. And rubber checks. Especially rubber checks. Look out for them. They bounce right back in your face."

"Oh, come; come. Wot; wot," said I. "Here; here. Hey, wot!"

"Exactly," the press johnny answered. "Those are my sentiments exactly. You'll find Tex Rickard's office in Madison Square Garden. Try and get in.

Then he walked away.

Rubber checks! Fancy! Silly eh, wot?

But that was only one-half of it, old dear, as they say in the silly old States.

One of the immigration johnnies came and asked me what I intended to do in the bally old country.

"I came here originally with the intention of striking some of your silly old cows," I informed him, severely.

"Striking what?" he asked. A coarse sort of blighter, that immigration chappie.

"Cows!" said I, in my most formal manner. "Jolly old cows. Beeves. Ranches, cows, beeves. You mount a horse and then you strike them, wot, wot?"

For no apparent reason, old thing, he called another johnny.

"What do you think of this bird, Mike?" he asked the other chappie.

"Hey, Mike! This Guy Is Coming Over to Strike Cows!"

"He's come out here to strike cows."

"Oh, he has, has he?" said the newcomer. "Well let me tell you something, sonny," he continued, turning to me. "If I ever catch you striking a poor, defenceless cow all the time you're in this country, I'll send you up to Boston and have you burned at the stake by some of the wild Indians at Harvard. Don't forget that, either. We won't have none of our cows being picked on by a great big brute like you. No. sir; not at all. We think a lot of our cows in this country, and don't you ever dare so much as raise a finger to one of them."

"Be careful and don't take any wooden money!"

Of course, old dear, my blood boiled. You know what the blood of the Waffle-Waffles is. Even under normal circumstances it sizzles. But I restrained myself.

"I shouldn't even consider looking at one of your beastly old beeves," I answered with cold reserve.

"Well, that's all right with me," said the immigration johnnie. "A calf can look at a cow any day, but don't you go up and down Broadway striking any herds of steers you see along the way."

Whereupon the silly old blighter and his friend walked away and engaged some poor chappie in conversation, probably to warn him of some other bally frightful law they have in the States.

The day after I landed I left Higgins at the diggings I found while I wandered off to the Madison Square Garden to arrange matters with this Tex Rickard chappie. At the door of his offices I encountered a strange individual, who must have weighed all of fifteen stone, old thing. He had one of those silly cabbage ears, or whatever vegetable growth it is these johnnies seem to cultivate behind their hair.

"Who d'ya want to see?" he demanded.

"I wished to have a chat with this Tex Rickard chappie," I informed him.

"What's the name?" he demanded.

"I just said it," was my response. "Rickard. Tex Rickard, I believe."

"Yours?" said he. "Who do you think yer kiddin' around this joint, hey?"

"My name," I announced, "is the Hon. Montmorency Montgomery Waffle-Waffle."

The frightful old blighter seemed highly amused by something. He laughed, jolly old ass; and then he looked at me strangely.

"Say, haven't you made a mistake?" he asked. "What you probably want to see is the Shuberts. They're uptown further and I think maybe they're taking on some nice, clean boys for the chorus now."

"Will you be so good as to send my name to Mr. Rickard, old thing?" I requested. "I have no time to waste on underlings."

"Say, I'm no underling, or no other kind of foreigner," said the frightful old bounder. "I'm native born, I am; and don't you go slinging any more of that stuff around here, fellow."

"Fellow yourself," I responded; but in the meantime the queer johnny had gone off somewhere to telephone.

The upshot of the whole business, old chappie, was that I had a talk with this Tex Rickard johnnie and he finally agreed to let Higgins have a go at it with another prize fighting fellow by the name of Luke Lammen, the Pride of Yorkville. Yorkville is one of their silly old states, I believe.

"We'll give you five hundred, seeing that it's your first go here and only eight rounds at that," said this Rickard chappie.

"But, my dear fellow," I protested. "I understood that you never gave less than five thousand."

"Well, sometimes we do as a great favor; and I'm willing to make an exception in your case," the Rickard johnny informed me and walked away.

There was nothing for it but to accept, old thing, when they were treating me with so much consideration. The best instincts of the Wafflle-Waffles demanded that I should. And, of course, I did.

Two weeks later jolly old Higgins bally went bashed the Lammem johnny all over the frightful old place. Gave him regular old blazes and bally well demolished him.

But the jolly old fright came when I called at the office for our money, old thing. The silly old asses insisted that I be paid off in fearful old dollars.

"But I thought it was to be five hundred pounds," I argued.

"Your mistake, old dear," said the Rickard chappie. "You ought to be glad I didn't pay you off in shillings, like Jimmy Johnston would have.

"Let me give you a tip," the blighter added. "The only pounds you'll ever have to worry about in this country with that boy of yours is 135 pounds at two o'clock in the afternoon. And if he keeps on going the way he did tonight you won't have to worry so much about dollars, either. They'll keep a-coming."

It was a frightful doing in, old dear, but I did not suffer as much from it as I might have.

"Higgins," said I, "they jolly well went and paid us off in shillings."

"Hif Hi moight moike so bold as to awsk, sir" he entreated, 'Ow many bob?"

"Five hundred," said I.

"Stroike me pink," was silly old Higgins response to that. "But Hi should 'ave to foight ten foights in Lunnon for that, sir."

And so, old thing, Higgins and I were able to make what I might jolly well term an equitable division of the spoils. If I am to bally well be paid

You got the wrong place. The Shuberts are looking for some nice clean boys for the chorus!"

off in dollars instead of in pounds, Higgins shall jolly well be paid off in shillings. That's imminently fair, eh, wot?

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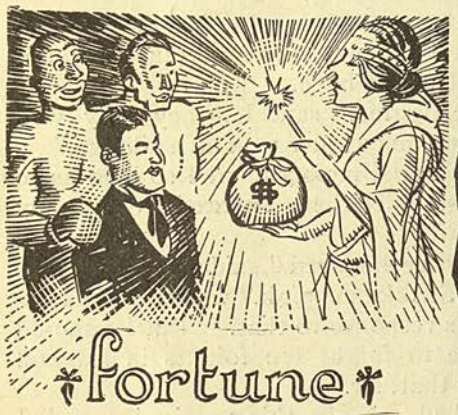
The Tragedy of the Once Great Sam Fitzpatrick

By FRANK O'CONNELL



ONE year of the greatest tragedies that can come into one's life, one who has scaled the heights, is to be forgotten by those once called "pals." This is practically what happened to Sam Fitzpatrick, one of the greatest managers and seconds of all time, whose death last summer was mourned by the boxing world.

An Australian by birth, it was he who, more than any one else, introduced Antipodean fighters to the American fans. Few greater fighters have ever stepped into a ring than Kid Lavinge, Peter Jackson or Jack Johnson, and Sam had a whole lot to do with making them great.

Fitzpatrick and the writer were close friends, the friendship having started when Sam cornered Tommy Burns in Australia and made Johnson champion of the world. Sam possessed considerable money when he was in his prime, yet died almost forgotten and almost penniless. He was too proud to ask for aid, and even refused it when offered him. He never complained. There was always a merry twinkle in his eye and he never appeared to be gloomy. Fitzpatrick always lived in the hope that one day he would dig up another champion. When he went over to the other side as a secretary for the Knights of Columbus durin the World War, he was a very happy man, as he was confident he could ferret out among the A. E. F. a couple of boxers who would rehabilitate him.

Again he was doomed to disappointment. He was of the past generation and not so slick or suave as the present day crop of business managers. Pride was exemplified in the following intsance:

One day an old crony of his at the Marlborough Hotel, which at one time was a great stamping ground for sportsmen, came to the writer and informed him that Fitzpatrick was down and out and dying of cancer in a New York hospital. The facts were printed in a New York daily, and soon the sporting world, apprised of Sam's plight, began to send checks to this publication for Sam. When Fitzpatrick received this money, he dictated a letter in which he demanded a retraction. He said that he was being taken care of properly and wanted all checks returned. It was only a few days later that he breathed his last.

Such was his fine, manly spirit.

Sam was in the corner of Peter Jackson the night of his 61-round fight at the California Club with Jim Corbett; with Kid Lavinge in his memorable fight with the Black Demon, Joe Walcott, and, of course, with Jack Johnson in Australia. In the first two of the above mentioned bouts it was generally agreed that it was the Fitzpatrick genius as a second which carried his men along.

That fight between Lavinge and Walcott was one of the greatest exhibitions of gameness ever displayed in a ring.

Lavinge's ear was practially torn from his head by the powerful right handers of the negro. It was dangling by a mere strip of flesh, and the spectators implored Sam to throw up the sponge.

Between rounds Sam would stop the flow of blood with tincture of iron and paste the ear back with adhesive plaster. Walcott kept playing for the injured member, but the Kid, under the encouragement of Sam, who kept saying, "Stay with him; hit him in the stomach; cut him down to your size." Lavinge kept going and finally turned the tide in his favor, and had Joe nearly out at the end of the fifteenth.

After the bout credit for the Kid's wonderful fight was given to Sam. It was said that he never would have stuck with any other second, but the two of them were great chums and Lavinge would rather have been killed than to have quit.

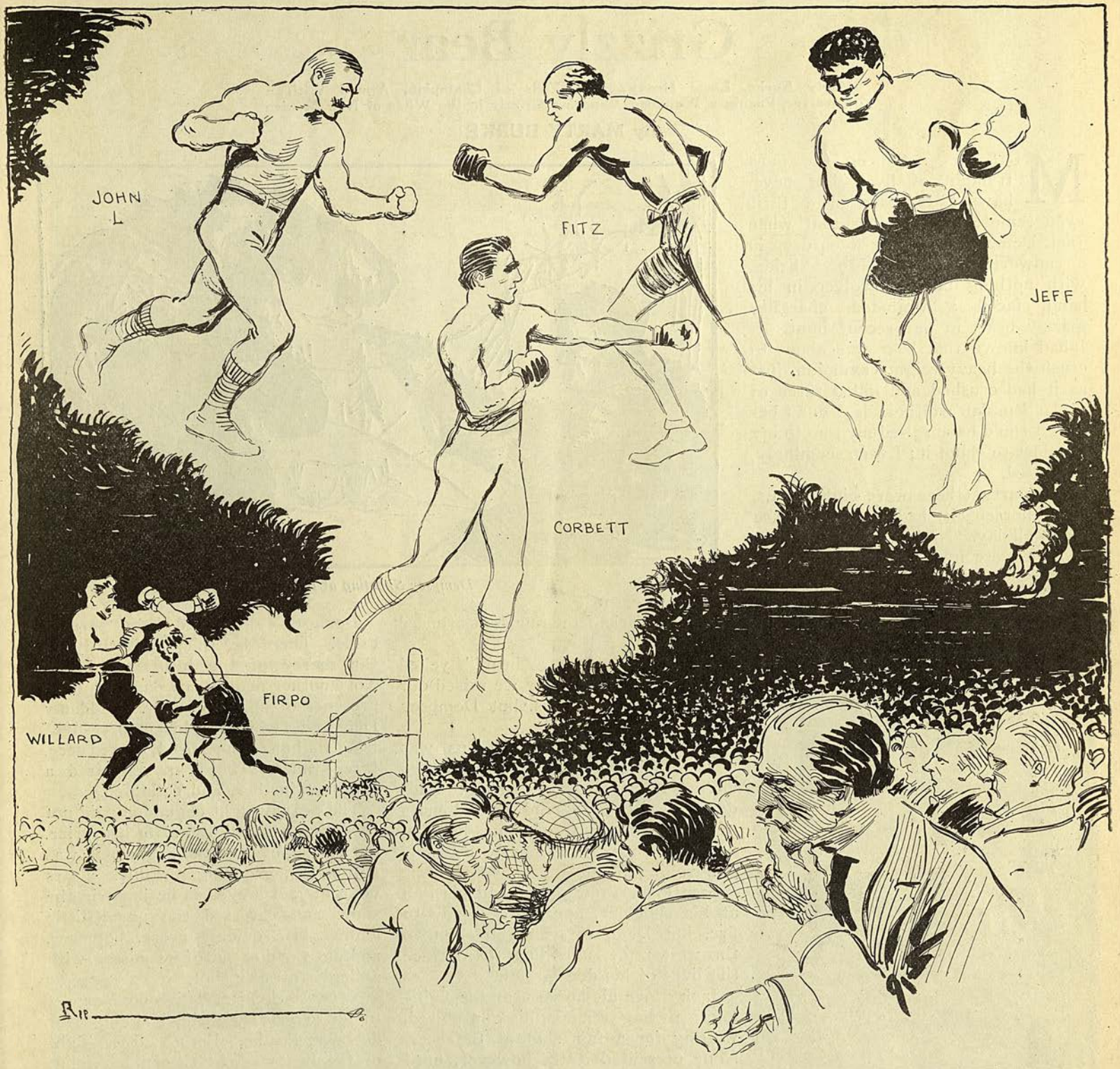
Sam said that he kept begging the Kid to quit and threatened to throw in the towel. Fitzpatrick used to tell of how the Kid said:

"Sam, you and I are like brothers, but if you throw in the towel and brand me a quitter, I will come back and kill you."

Fitzpatrick's experience with the ungrateful Jack Johnson was the big

(*Continued on page* 9)

Shadows of the Past -:- By Ripley



A Manager's Plaint

By James K. McGuinness

I ask you in this friendly way
And don't you get me wrong,
But what can you do with a guy that will say,
When some one socks him strong,
"That bird can hit like a mule astray,
But he ain't going long."

I send my boy in an easy go,
The other guy ain't good;
And I say to myself that he's pretty slow,
Ain't thinking like he should,
But he's in there taking every blow,
Like I thought no human could.

All that was coming he went and took,
And that was plenty, too,
No matter how hard and how often he shook,
Never gave in a few.
No wonder my boy shot one last look,
Then figured that he was through.

What is the good of a lot of whacks
If you can't make 'em stop?
If all of your healthy and huskiest whacks
Don't feaze a guy, old top?
If one won't go, then the other cracks;
Mine was the one to drop.

TRAGEDY OF SAM FITZPATRICK

(*Continued from page* 8)

tragedy of Sam's life. After chasing Tommy Burns all over the world and getting very little in return, just as big money was in sight, Johnson threw his old manager over. Sam took it philosophically, though, and never spoke ill of Jack. In fact he had nothing but sympathy for the negro when evil days befell him.

The year 1923 lost a great boxing character in Sam Fitzpatrick, who occupies a distinctive spot in the Hall of Fame of Fight Managers.

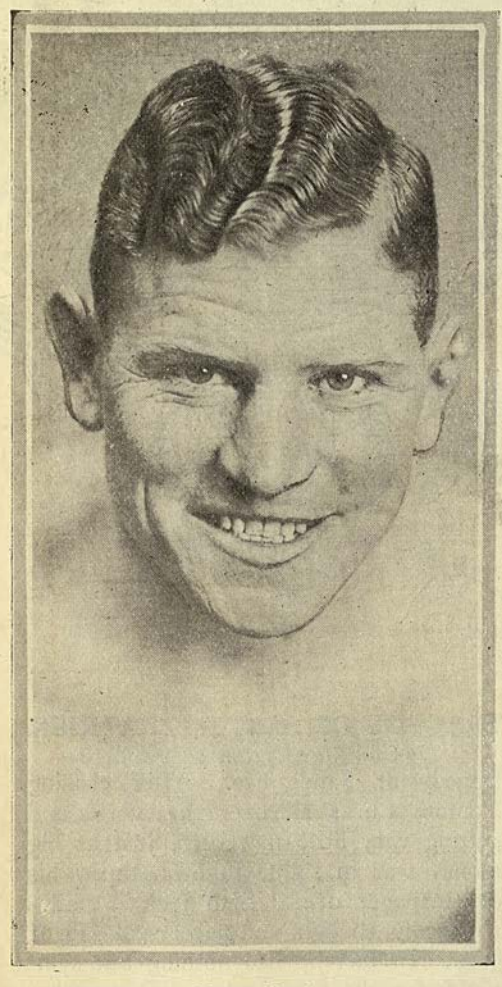
Dempsey Risks Life to Down Grizzly Bear

Marty Burke, Local Heavyweight, Tells of Champion, Armed With a Revolver, Facing a Wounded, Charging Grizzly in the Wilds of New Mexico

By MARTY BURKE

MINE has not been the most tranquil of lives, but never have I experienced a thrill even remotely resembling that when Jack Dempsey, standing knee deep in a snowdrift, his rifle thrown aside, with nothing but a revolver in his hand, faced a wounded, charging grizzly bear, in our recent hunt. If I had known that bear was about to crush the heavyweight champion, just as it had crushed and killed three of Jack's Russian wolfhounds, I don't believe I could have raised my gun to my shoulder to shoot it; I was, seemingly, paralyzed.

Our party (there were eight of us, all on horseback) had been out in the forest all day. Night was approaching and we were in a hurry to return to



Marty Burke

our camp. Tired and weary, none of us paid much attention to what was going on in the woods about us until concerted barks from our dogs aroused us.

Dempsey Shooting at Bear

"They've spotted a bear!" yelled Dempsey. Instinctively we raised our guns to our shoulders, but Dempsey yelled, "Don't shoot!"

There, a few feet ahead of us, was a great grizzly. The four dogs were circling it, yapping and snarling. Suddenly they charged and a solid mass of hair, consisting of four Russian wolfhounds and one grizzly bear, began rolling about in the snow.

Sam Fisher, our guide, had his gun at his shoulder, apparently ready to fire, but Dempsey yelled to him to throw it aside, unwilling to sacrifice the lives of his dogs needlessly.

Jack drove his horse near the fighting, growling animals, his gun poised, waiting for a fair shot at the bear. None presented itself, however, until three of the dogs had been horribly mangled and killed. The fourth dog, little more than a pup, made one final leap at the bear and was crushed and thrown aside with just a flicker of life left in its poor body.

The sight of his four dogs strewn about the trampled, blood-stained snow galvanized Dempsey into action. He drove his horse to the bear's right and leaping to the ground, leveled his rifle at the animal and fired. The bear scarcely paused in its rush for the champion.

Dempsey's gun had been thrown aside. There he was, apparently at the mercy of the infuriated beast. Not another man in the party had the presence of mind to shoot. Suddenly Dempsey whipped his "forty-five" from its holster and fired, once, twice, three times. The bear staggered a few feet further, and collapsed.

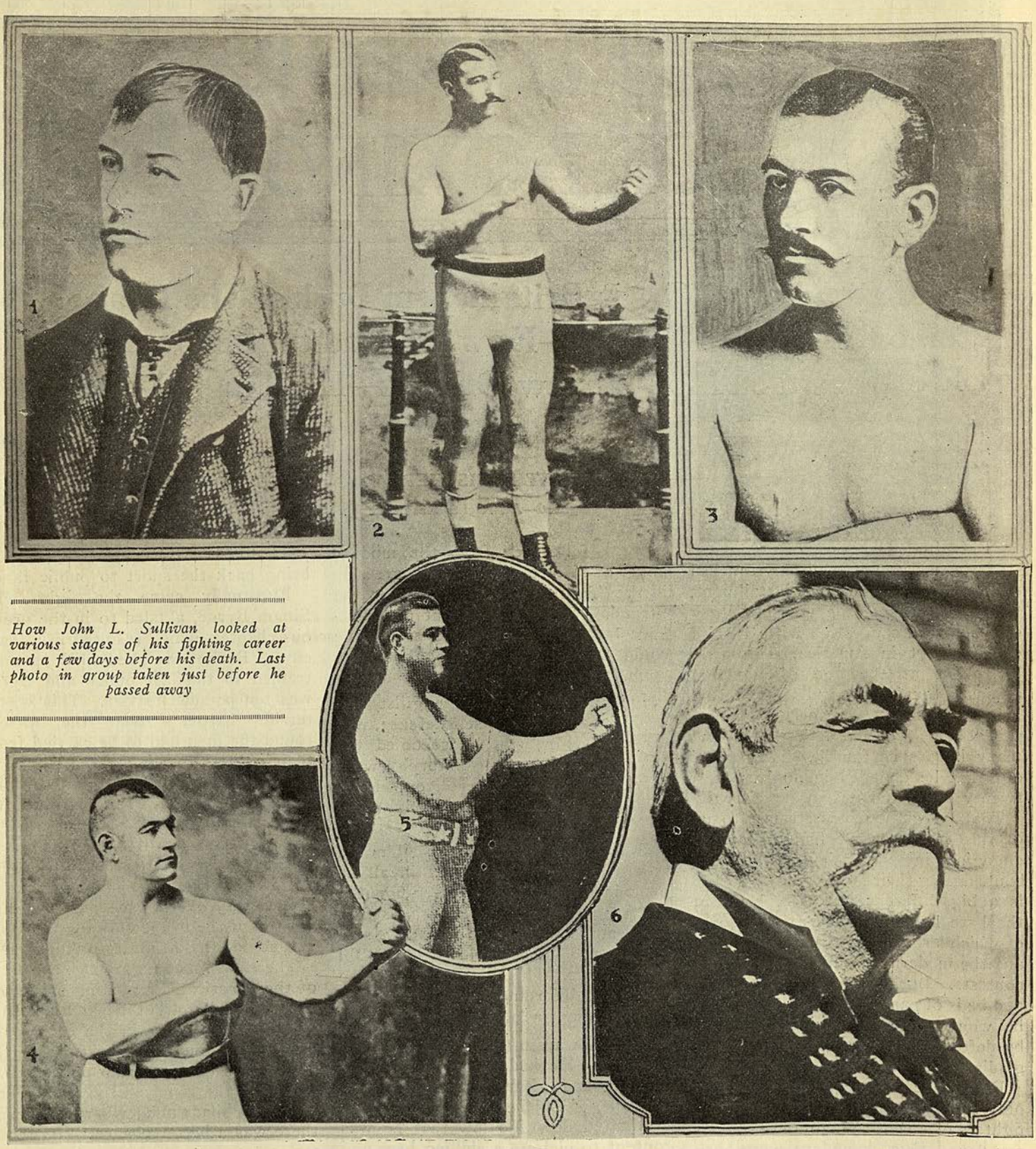
The heavyweight champion paid not the slightest attention to his prize, but rushed over to the dog which was still living, groaning pitifully. Tears were in Jack's eyes as he knelt in the snow and caressed the game little animal. He quickly arose, however, and put the dog out of its misery with a single revolver shot.

Never as long as I live do I expect to be so greatly thrilled again. Nor do I want to be. I'm afraid the sight of the heavyweight titleholder about to grapple with another grizzly would be too much for me.

Thus far our hunting trip has been extremely enjoyable, except that we have almost frozen to death. Coming from Los Angeles, where the flowers are blooming, we bumped into one of the most severe snowstorms this section has ever known. The snow began to fall Monday and didn't stop until Wednesday. The roads are impassable, and I'm depending on a passer-by to take this yarn in to Las Vegas.

(*Continued on page* 17)

GONE—BUT NOT FORGOTTEN—Series 2 in Gallery of Fistic Celebrities



How John L. Sullivan looked at various stages of his fighting career and a few days before his death. Last photo in group taken just before he passed away

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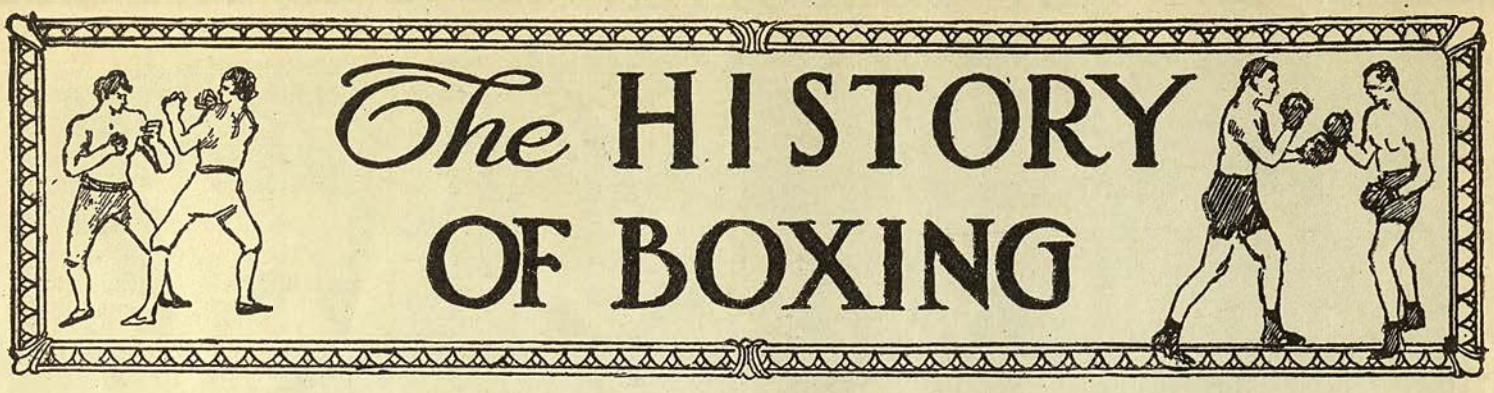
The Lament, By Grantland Rice

New York Tribune

To think that in college I frittered my time
On Latin and logic and Greek,
To think that I dallied in prose and in rhyme,
To think that my brain was so weak
I followed the classics in place of the wham
That leaves the proboscis quite raw,
When I might have been learning the right way to slam
A wealth-making sock to the jaw.
No wonder I mutter and sob: "Holy smoke!
Why DIDN'T they teach me the jab and the poke?"
To think that in college I gambled four years
On Plato and Horace to win,
When I might now be earning a nation's wild cheers
By hooking a left to the chin!
Oh, why did I bother with Pliny or Pope
Or follow the calculus chart
When I might have been crowding some cove to the rope
And socking him over the heart?
No wonder I murmur like some one bereft,
"Why DIDN'T they teach me to lead with my left?"



The Champion of Great Britain, Jem Burke "The Deaf Un," Came to America in 1836—How He Had to Ride for Life to Escape Armed Mob in New Orleans—His Tragic Downfall

Chapter XXIV

By NAT FLEISCHER

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JEM BURKE, the "Deaf 'Un," whose career was slightly touched on in the preceding installment, has a particular niche in the history of the ring in connection with the rise of the sport in America. He made his debut at the age of nineteen against a tough fighting Irishman, Ned Murphy, in 1828. Historians of that period speak enthusiastically of the many battles he fought. They point out that he engaged in no less than twenty and lost but two.

That certainly seems strange to us of this era when we find champions engaging in more than a hundred bouts during their fighting days. There is a big difference, though, between the bare knuckle, finish affairs, some of which lasted more than three hours, and the modern ten- and fifteen-round contests. Burke had a brilliant career and he is of particular interest because he won some of his greatest laurels by defeating the two greatest Yankee gladiators of the time.

From time to time we have pointed out strange parallels between the fighters of a century ago and those of our days. Few champions were born with a golden spoon in their mouths. Jim Corbett was about the nearest approach to that. Burke's origin was of the most humble sort. Our Jack Dempsey had to ride the bumpers and hit all sort of rough spots up to the time he began to fight for million dollar purses.

Burke was veritably dragged up from the gutter. He was deaf from infancy and unable to read or write, quite a difference from the modern boxer of culture. As a lad, he grew up in the "Spotted Dog," a tavern in the Strand. Here he eked out an existance by picking up whatever tips he could by doing odd jobs about the "pub."

Joe Parish, old time pugilist and teacher of the art of self defense, was the proprietor, and he schooled the lad. His debut against Murphy went fifty rounds when it was stopped and the purse of thirteen pounds ($65) divided.

Burke's good showing made him the talk of sporting circles. Still all he made in his first four battles amounted to less than fifteen pounds. His first "big" stake was for 25 pounds a side against the "East End Chicken," Bill Fitzmaurice. This lasted nearly three hours and 166 rounds were fought before Fitzmaurice's seconds gave up.

Burke's way to the top was no path of roses. He had trouble in getting backers and after a defeat by Bill Cousens, of Chichester, in 111 rounds, he drifted down so low that he was content to pick up a shilling here and there by holding gentlemen's horses and doing odd jobs around the Spotted Dog once more. At this time it did not appear that one day he would be the champion.

The "Deaf 'Un" had many ups and downs, but he managed to improve by giving boxing exhibitions with the gloves and now and then get a match. The ring was going to pieces and a great meeting was called in January, 1833, to see what could be done to bring back the sport to public favor.

Eventually came the fight with Simon Byrne, alluded to in the previous chapter, which resulted in a tragedy. Burke weighed 172 pounds trained to the last ounce and Byrne was ten pounds heavier. This was a terrific battle. After the fiftieth round the men had to be carried from their corners to the scratch.

Burke was plied with brandy, which kept him going. Finally Byrne fell insensible in the 99th round after 3 hours 16 minutes of fighting. Simon died a few days later, but Burke was acquitted of the manslaughter charge. The victory over Byrne put Burke at the top of the heap, and now we journey across the Atlantic to America.

There had been glowing accounts of the American Prize Ring published in Great Britain, but when Burke arrived in New York in the early part of 1836 he found out there was little doing. He could find no one to take him on in the Empire City, so he went over to Philadelphia, where he heard there was a better chance. His reputation was too much for the Quaker fistic fraternity so back he came to New York. Burke was forced to appear in a very different role than that of a fighter.

Flaming posters billed "the Champion Boxer of England, the Celebrated and Herculean Deaf Burke," to perform at Conklin's Hall. His first appearance was as the "Venetian Statue."

Just imagine anyone of the twentieth century getting all smoked up over

his act, which showed the following portraitures:

(1) Hercules struggling with the Nemean Lion.

(2) Achilles throwing the discus or quoit.

(3) The slave, Emoleur, the grinder, sharpening his knife while overhearing the conspirators.

Other thrilling depictions were Samson slaying the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass; the African Alarmed at the Thunder; Ajax Defying the Lightning; Cain Slaying Abel, and as a finale, the Dying Gladiator in five poses.

The show was a big hit, but Burke wanted to fight and as he could get no bouts he thought seriously of returning to England.

He was about to do so when he was shown a New Orleans paper in which there was a challenge from a Samuel O'Rourke to fight any man according to London Prize Ring rules for any sum up to $1,000.

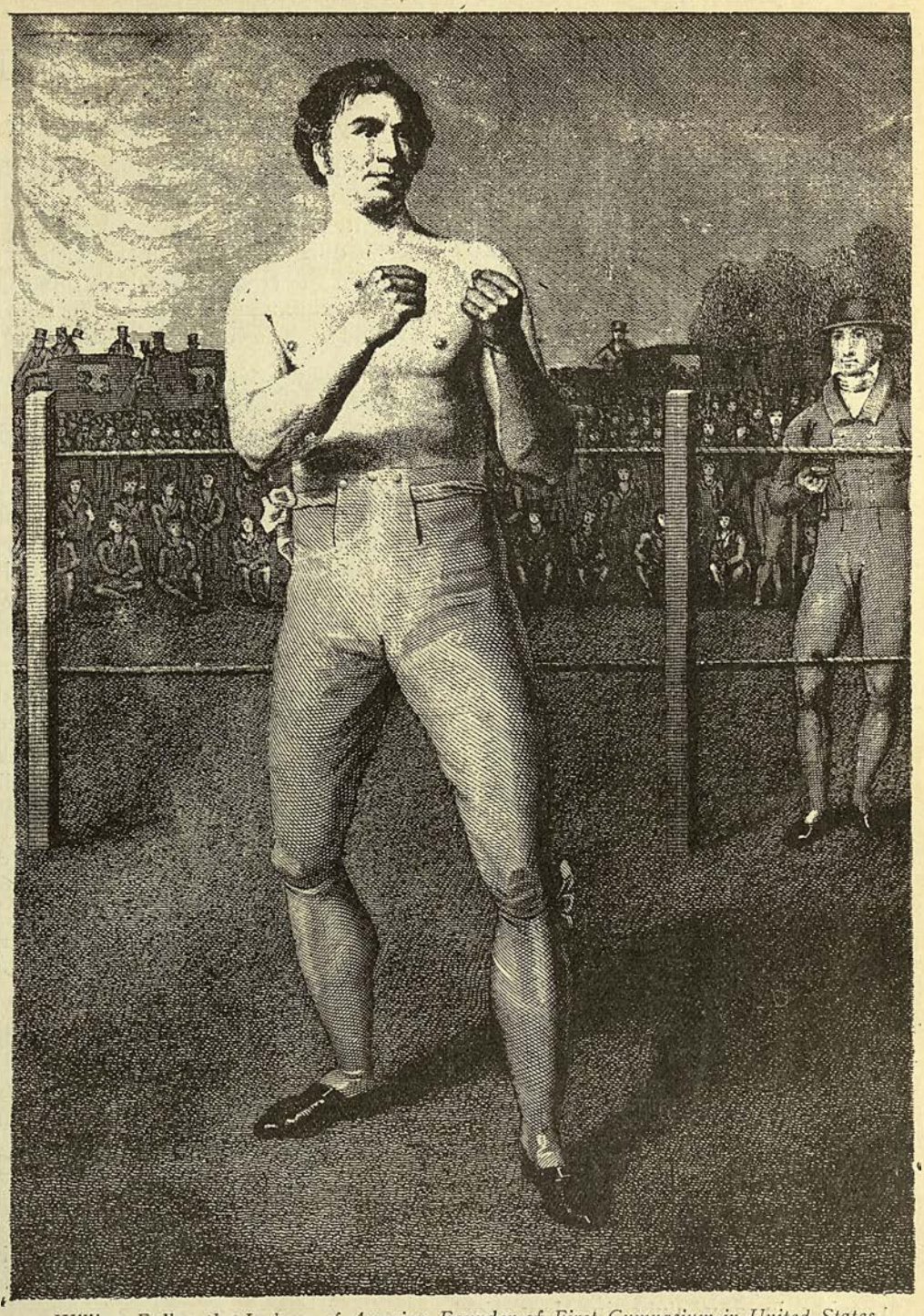
This was just the man whom Burke had come over to America to fight. The reason for this was that O'Rourke had been in Ireland shortly after the death of Byrne and proclaimed himself as the avenger of the popular Irishman. Nothing came of this, however. Fuller, called the Jackson of America, was the first man in the U. S. to open a school to teach pugilism.

Burke made the tedious journey down to the Crescent City with the promise of backing up to $500 from William Fuller, who ran a gymnasium in New York. New Orleans at that time was the center of the slave trade and the haunt of all the worst ruffians in the States.

O'Rourke ran a saloon and was one of the toughest citizens in New Orleans. He was not keen for Burke's game and tried to side-step by making the stake at least $1,000. James H. Caldwell, proprietor of the St. Charles Theatre in Camp Street, and William Brandram, a Manchester cotton buyer, two enthusiastic sportsmen, agreed to back Burke for $500.

The bout was arranged for May 6 and the posters announced the fight between the celebrated O'Rourke, champion of Ireland and America, and Deaf Burke, champion of Great Britain. A quotation from one account will give a pretty good idea of the crowd that gathered for the battle:

"From an early hour swarms of men—Creoles, half breeds, French gamblers, Yankee sharps, Irish roughs and rowdies of every nationality



William Fuller, the Jackson of America, Founder of First Gymnasium in United States

under the sun—began to leave New Orleans for the scene of battle, a place called Forks of Bayou, on the banks of the Mississippi. Practically all were armed with pistols, bowie knives, slung shots or bludgeons."

Only three rounds were fought. In the second Mickey Carson, seconding O'Rourke, slipped behind Burke and pushed him into O'Rourke's arms, the latter throwing him. Burke swore he would knock Mickey out if he came near him again. Thereupon Carson drew a bowie knife and told the Deaf 'Un he'd rip him from navel to chin if he came near him.

In the third, Burke had his opponent all but out, but when Carson got in the way, Jem could not keep his temper and he lashed out, knocking Carson stiff.

This was a signal for the mob to cut the ropes. The Deaf 'Un stood his ground for a minute, bowling over two or three. Burke was told to run for his life. He made his dash with the wild mob at his heels and he would probably have been caught and killed if a friendly sportsman had not lent him a horse and another slipped him a dirk.

Mr. Caldwell had just time to whisper, "To the theatre; hide there." Naked to the waist and in his fighting toggery, Burke must have made a peculiar spectacle as he raced along the road to New Orleans as fast as his

(*Continued on page* 20)

Holding the Whip Over Champions

By CHARLES F. MATHISON

THE decision of the State Athletic Commission to rescind that clause of the Walker Law authorizing the forfeiture of titles of non-fighting champions and restrict action to the suspension of offenders will doubtless be quite effective. The ultimate result will be to hurt title holders in a financial way, which is the severest possible punishment that can be inflicted on a prominent pugilist.

The argument against forfeiture of titles is the purely technical one as to the jurisdiction of a State Commission over boxers holding national or world's championships. It can hardly be denied that the New York Commission has complete authority over the title of a champion who has won national or world's honors in the State of New York. Thus only a champion who had won his title outside of New York would be immune from action by the Commission of this State.

By the same line of reasoning, only a champion who holds a license to box in this State can legally be suspended by the New York Commission, so that in order to make the suspension rule effective against all champions, the Commission will be compelled to assume the same national authority it exercised in declaring vacant the national and world's titles of numerous champions who refused to defend their honors. As the case stands, a large majority of titleholders have won their honors in this State, and can, if necessary, be suspended from appearing in any clubs in New York State.

They can also be prevented from earning any money outside of New York by notifying other boxers that they will not be permitted to box here if they engage in contests outside of this State with suspended champions. This is, of course, a very necessary precaution, but not less extra-judicial than the forfeiture of national or world's titles by a State created commission.

The determination of the Commission to stage elimination bouts where it becomes necessary to re-establish a championship that has for any reason lapsed, is a wise solution of the problem. At the same time, if the New York Commission were to be pinned down to the observance of its legal rights it would not have the slightest control over a champion except during the time the titleholder was in the ring of a club in this State. If the champion were beaten, his title would pass to his victor automatically.

In view of the potent influence wielded by the New York Commission in the direction of improved boxing conditions, and the added fact that the example of the New York body has been followed with excellent results throughout America, it is sincerely to be hoped that purely technical objections will not be interposed in a way to weaken the grasp of the New York organization.

The British Board of Boxing Control, which was organized by leading sportsmen of England, has no legal authority over boxing. Yet because the public has confidence in the Board, its edicts are enforced without the slightest friction. This Board declares titles forfeited and names contestants for a re-establishment of championships and the victor is accepted without question as the new champion.

There is not in the world a boxing body with so much legal power as the New York Commission, and there is no question that New York City and State are world's pugilistic centres. It is therefore a reasonable proposition that New York should have more power in the government of boxing than localities where there is less interest.

New York, with three major league teams, is the baseball centre of America, and its influence is all powerful. Racing and various other branches of professional sport enjoy greater popularity in New York, and have more influence than they do in remote sections of the country. Boxing is conducted with more regard for the legal rights of all concerned than are some other pastimes, yet it is constantly hampered by technical objections.

There are but two champions of America and of the world who have not won their titles under the auspices of the New York Commission. These are Dempsey, who won his title in Ohio, and McTigue, who captured the light heavyweight world's championship in Ireland.

Tunney won the American light heavyweight championship in Madison Square Garden. Greb defeated Wilson for the world's middleweight title at the Polo Grounds. Walker won the world's welter title from Britton in the Garden. Leonard won the world's lightweight title from Welsh at the Manhattan A C. during the incumbency of the Frawley Law Commission. Dundee won the world's feather title from Criqui at the Polo Grounds, and as he defeated the man who conquered Kilbane (since retired) Dundee is also the American champion.

Lynch's title bouts were all under the auspices of the New York Commission. He won from Herman, who had defeated Kid Williams in a title fight at New Orleans. Lynch next lost to Herman and Herman lost to Buff, Lynch regaining the championship by defeating Buff.

Buff claimed the American flyweight title after defeating Frankie Mason in Indiana, and Villa made himself American champion by defeating Buff. Genaro took the American title from Villa, and Villa captured the world's flyweight title when he defeated Wilde.

Thus it can be seen that all title fights in recent years except Dempsey-Willard, McTigue-Siki, Herman-Williams, and Buff-Mason, have taken place under the auspices of the New York Commission and under licenses issued by that body.

It would seem, therefore, that the New York Commission should have more than momentary control of the men who have won championships, gained prominence and achieved wealth under the fertile soil of the Empire State.

It is an interesting historical fact that long before boxing commissions were dreamed of and when the barbarous tactics authorized by the London rules were in full swing, forfeiture of titles was by no means an infrequent occurrence. There was no rule or law bearing on the subject, but as the result of an unwritten agreement, between the fighters, a champion who failed to cover a forfeit posted by a qualified challenger automatically lost his title, which went to the challenger.

(*Continued on page* 17)

Peter Jackson's Last Fight

By "BIDDY" BISHOP

PETER JACKSON has many, many times been referred to by boxing experts as the greatest heavyweight of all time.

There is little doubt as to the correctness of this estimate for Jackson combined everything that goes to make up a real champion. He was undoubtedly clever, a wonderful ring general, game, could hit and capable of withstanding punishment. With these essentials he was endowed with an ideal size and an unusually long reach. Jackson stood 6 feet and one-half inch tall and when at his best weighed 200 pounds. The writer knew him well and had an opportunity to study him closely.

Jackson's last fight, which is not included in any of our ring records, was held at the Savoy Theatre, in Vancouver, B. C., on August 24, 1899. Jim Jeffords, a California heavyweight, whom I was managing and training at the time, knocked Jackson out in the fourth round of a 10-round battle.

A most peculiar thing happened in this match. Jeffords began reaching Peter with hard right punches to the body and each time Jeffords landed, Jackson bellowed loudly, making a noise similar to that of a sea lion. Jackson fell near the close of the fourth round from a punch to the body and as he hit the canvas, he emitted a roar that I shall never forget. Sid Mitchell, a prominent Vancouver sportsman, who refereed the bout, counted him out and it marked the close of one of the most brilliant ring careers of big men.

J. B. (Simmy) Simpson, of Victoria, B. C., who conducted the Brown Jug cafe in that city, handled Jackson in the match with Jeffords. Some few months later Simpson secured passage for Jackson and he went back to his Australian home where about a year afterward he died of lung trouble. A monument, erected by public subscription, marks his resting place, a fine and lasting tribute to a wonderful fighter, who was perhaps one of the most popular of his time.

Jackson was born at St. Croix, West Indies, July 3, 1861, and went to Australia when quite young. Getting his first ideas about boxing from Larry Foley, who also had much to do with the developing of Bob Fitzsimmons, Frank Slavin, Joe Goddard and other widely known Australian boxers, Peter began his boxing career in 1883. Five years later he came to America. W. W. Naughton, late sporting editor of the San Francisco Examiner, brought Jackson to this country. His first ring encounter here was with George Godfrey, of Boston. The contest took place at San Francisco and Jackson won in the 19th round. It was a finish contest.

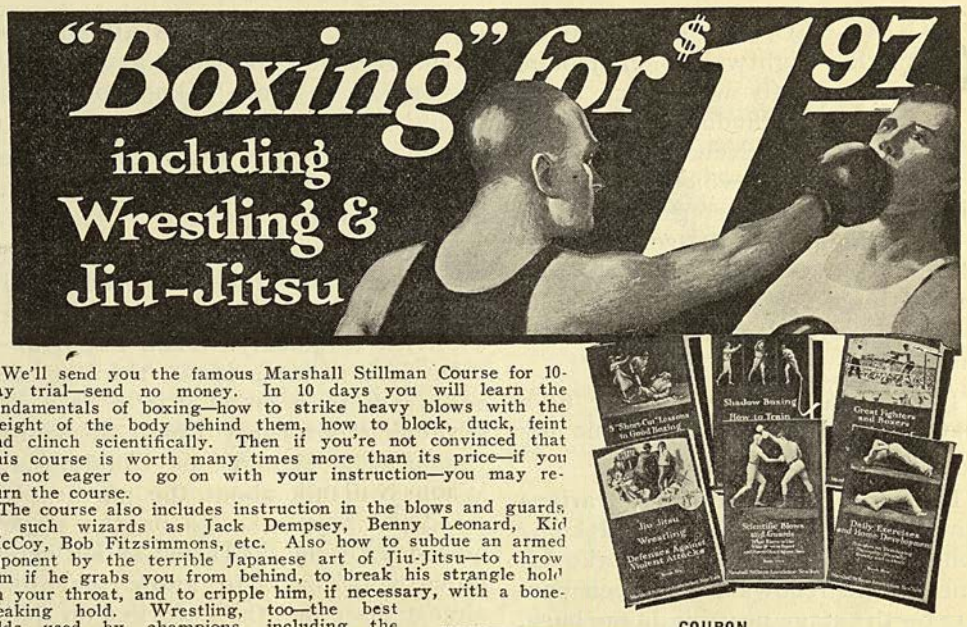
After defeating Joe McAuliffe, Patsy Cardiff, upon whose head John L. Sullivan fractured his arm, and several other boxers, Jackson made his first invasion of England, where he soon became an idol of the English fans, lords, dukes and others prominent in Europe.

Upon his return to this country, Peter issued a challenge to John L. Sullivan, but John L. declined the issue on the score that he would never fight a colored man, although ring records show that Sullivan was once matched with George Godfrey.

Jackson later went to Australia where he met and defeated Joe Goddard, the Barrier Champion, as he was called. Upon his next trip to this country Jackson fought his much talked of "no contest" match of 61 rounds with Jim Corbett at San Francisco.

Another trip to England followed where Peter whipped Frank Slavin, regarded as one of the most formidable heavyweights of that time. In this contest Jackson won the heavyweight championship of England and Australia. This match occurred in 1892. Then came a lay off of six years and upon his return to the ring, Jackson fought Jim Jeffries at San Francisco losing in the third round.

Then followed the match with Jim Jeffords at Vancouver, the closing engagement of his career, details of which I have enumerated above.



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THE FIGHTER

He was never very clever,
They outpointed him at will;
They would slap him and could tap him
Almost any time until
He became annoyed and started
In to wallop, sock and clout;
Then their seconds, heavy hearted,
Picked them up and bore them out.

WALTER TRUMBULL.
New York Herald.

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Ringside Chatter and Laughs

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

YOUNG CORBETT, former world's lightweight champion, who recently went back home to Denver after finding himself in financial distress in New York, turned up at a barber shop which he had not visited in years. After greeting several old time friends the conversation drifted back to the days when the former title holder made his bow to the public as a member of the pugilistic clan.

"It was Earl Gillham, owner of a theatre in Omaha, who gave me my first start," said Corbett.

"I had been practicing various stunts in boxing and felt that I knew enough about the game to take on some of the fellows I had seen perform on the stage near my home burg. Well, one day I landed over at Gillham's theatre, walked up to the man at the door, and remarked:

"'I'm looking for the manager of this house.'

"'You are?' answered he. 'Well, you're a nice looking kid. Now, I'm the manager. What are you after?'

"I was a little shy of words, but I got up my nerve, and shot back:

"'You see,' said I, 'I'm a young chap whose name is Rothwell. I'm from out Denver and in my home town they call me Young Corbett. I'm a good scrapper and I want to take a crack at some of those birds who appeared on your stage last night. I'm sure I'll lick any of them.'

"The manager, looking somewhat bewildered at me, eyed me up for about four minutes, then replied:

"'Young boy, you look anything but a fighter. I don't want to have a killing on my hands. You better sneak home.'

"With that he started to walk off, when I pleaded with him.

"'Don't give me the cold shoulder. Please, mister, I tell you I can fight. Give me a chance and I'll prove it and I won't ask you for much. I don't care if you don't give me anything. I can fight and I'll agree to knock out one man at every show if you'll only give me a chance.'

"The manager was still dumbfounded and thinking he could stall me by offering me just a few dollars for a week's work, he said:

"'I'll take you on. You can start to-morrow. I'll give you fifteen dollars a week and you won't get any pay if you fail to score a knockout each night.'

"I was tickled to death to take the job just to show that I could fight, and I accepted.

"The first night I knocked a tough fellow cold in the first round. I brought the house down by turning the trick so quickly. Then I sent another bird to sleep in the third round and from then on it was a case of stretching out every tough of South Omaha who thought he could fight. When you talk about the purses offered the boys who go on the stage nowadays, it might throw a cold chill down your back to know that for almost three months I worked on that stage in Omaha knocking out all comers at the rate of fifteen berries a week."

* * *

He Tells the Story

HERE Young Corbett was interrupted by one of the old fellows who had seen almost three score of years. He turned toward the gathering listening to the former champion's narrative of his rapid rise and remarked:

"Yes, boys, and let me tell you about the finest battle we folks had seen down here in many moons. It was a scrap between this Young Corbett and our own featherweight champion, Freddie O'Neil. O'Neil was a tough battler, a good boy on the defense and a hard hitter. He took offense at Young Corbett coming into our territory and taking away the glory that belonged to our own title holder and one day he walked into a barber shop where I was waiting for my turn to be shaved and where Mr. Gillham had brought Young Corbett.

"Without as much as saying howdy, O'Neil shouted to Gillham:

"'Who is that dub you have working for you at the theatre, meeting all comers? He is the worst piece of cheese I've ever seen.'

"In less time than it takes to tell it, Young Corbett leaped from his chair, was at O'Neil's throat and it took several of us to separate the pair. When both had calmed down, Young Corbett invited O'Neil to come to the theatre that night and test his skill and O'Neil agreed. Word passed from mouth to mouth, and that night the theatre was packed as never before.

"It was a terrific battle. Corbett kept pounding away at O'Neil's wind in the first three rounds and in the fourth he got in close and kept up one continuous bombardment at the body. One blow caught O'Neil under the heart and he straightened up. Young Corbett cut loose with his smashing right, caught O'Neil on the chin and down he went like a log. He was dead to the world for more than an hour.

"It was a great fight, boys, and one which, in my opinion, gave Young Corbett the confidence he needed, for he soon drifted out of Omaha, and it was not long after that we folks who saw him whip our champion, read that a young lad from Denver, Young Corbett, had whipped Terry McGovern for the world's championship."

* * *

He Watched the Undertaker

DURING the dreaded influenza epidemic a few years ago, Battling Jim Johnson, the Memphis colored heavyweight, and Sam Langford, the famous Boston Tar Baby, were booked to box at Lowell, Mass. Two days before the bout Johnson was taken ill and died the day he was scheduled to box.

That night at the Commercial Club in Boston an all-star show between local boys was in progress and just before the final bout of the evening, a short, broad-shouldered colored man climbed into the ring. Old-timers who recognized him as the famous Langford gave him an ovation, but Sam raised his hand for silence, and when all was silent he said:

"Gen'men, I'se gwine do somethin' I'se never done befo'. I'se gwine to ask yo' fo' money. Yo all know Jim Johnson has done died. Now his folks live way down Memphis and po' Jim ain't left a su! Now de manager of this here club has give permission fo' me to make a collection and if Ah gets enough Ah's gwine to get an undertaker to sen po' Jim home to Memphis."

Needless to say, Sam got enough and then some. Bills of all denominations were tossed into the hats that were passed through the crowd.

Pulling the Prize Boner

An Incident in the Career of a Famous Sporting Editor

By DUKE BARRY

THE name of William Farnsworth has topped a story for a number of years in the various dailies throughout the country, pertaining to some sporting event or other and, let it be stated here, that Farnsworth is considered one of the best versed scribes who tickle a typewriter on any sport event. He is sporting editor of Hearst's New York *American*.

But very few who read his articles are aware of the fact that William aspired to be a referee and pulled one of the best bones in pugilism. As a third man in the ring, Farnsworth remains to-day an exceptionally keen sporting chronologist, but, readers, judge for yourselves.

On May 25, 1912, William Farnsworth was holding down the sport editor's desk on The *Atlanta Georgian*. In fact, Farnsworth was there long before that day, but that is the date that William refereed one of the greatest longest distance battles ever staged in Atlanta, Ga.

Jake Abel, of Atlanta, was at that time looked upon as the welterweight champion of the south. Jake was also a good attraction. Like every large city, Atlanta has its own exclusive club, the Atlanta Athletic Club. This organization staged a fight between Abel and Terry Nelson of Chicago. While the boys were to battle under the Marquis of Queensberry rules, their hands were covered with gloves no heavier than the regulation dress kid gloves. And William Farnsworth, sporting writer, was selected to referee.

Nelson was trained by John Willie, then noted as a strong man of Atlanta. John conditioned Nelson on the same principles that he used himself, a far cry from that of a boxer of today, therefore Nelson was far from being in condition to cope with Abel. Yet the bout lasted forty-one rounds. It was stopped in that frame, as neither could continue.

Farnsworth showed keen judgment in stopping the contest, but it took him thirty-nine rounds to do what he should have done in the second frame. Every time the incident which we are about to mention is discussed with Slim, as the genial sporting editor of the New York *American* is referred to by his host of friends, Bill chuckles and tries to explain, but doesn't get very far.

It seems that Farnsworth, although a splendid sporting writer, was not as well acquainted with the Marquis of Queensberry rules as he is now, and in the second round of that famous southern encounter, the seconds of Nelson, finding the body attack of Abel too furious, and seeing their charge badly battered, threw a sponge into the ring acknowledging defeat. Farnsworth, with a scowl on his face, kicked the sponge out of the ring.

Nelson's seconds again threw the sponge into the ring and attempted to climb into the roped square to aid their man when Bill, in a gruff voice, shouted:

"If you fellows don't stop throwing that sponge in here, I'll stop this fight and give the decision to Abel." With that, amidst rounds of applause and considerable merriment, Bill again kicked the sponge out of the ring and the fight continued. Bill did not know until after the fight was over that he pulled one of the prize bones of modern pugilism and it doesn't pay to remind him too often of that memorable day of May in 1912.

Holding the Whip Over Champions

(*Continued from page* 14)

This custom was rigidly lived up to by the fighters during the London rules regime, and all titleholders were compelled to fight when challenged or lose their crowns. Instances of forfeited titles were numerous. John C. Heenan challenged John Morrissey to fight for the title in 1858. Morrissey declined and Heenan was proclaimed champion, which was one of the important forfeitures.

It is claimed that John L. Sullivan, by refusing to accept a challenge from Jake Kilrain, forfeited his title, and that was the fact had the custom been enforced in the case of Sullivan. But Sullivan, who was the last American champion under London rules, airily disregarded all rules, written and unwritten, and held his title in spite of a flood of challenges from the best men of his time. Kilrain was the least formidable of Sullivan's challengers, for the Baltimorean had never done anything in the ring to inspire fear in his rival.

However, in spite of the fact that Kilrain repeatedly challenged Sullivan and posted forfeits in accordance with the customs of the time, he was never recognized as champion. Not even when he finally got into the ring with John L. at Richburg, Miss., in 1889. Kilrain was merely the challenger and Sullivan the titleholder.

In addition to Kilrain, Sullivan calmly ignored challenges from the most dangerous fighters of the time. These were Peter Jackson, Joe Goddard and Frank Slavin, all of whom were heavy hitters and eager to meet the American champion. They pursued John L., dared him to fight, and Slavin once shook money in Sullivan's face.

It was all of no avail, and Sullivan retired without having lost his title under London rules. He lost his first battle under Queensberry rules. Sullivan's example in ignoring challenges has been followed by title holders in all classes, and the New York Commission is trying to correct this evil.

DEMPSEY RISKS LIFE

(*Continued from page* 10)

We arrived in Las Vegas Sunday night. The Chamber of Commerce tendered Jack a luncheon on Monday, after which we left for our camp. Upon our arrival at the camp Jack turned his hounds loose for exercise. The dogs had been scampering about for a few minutes when they were attracted by the bark of a fox terrior. They found the unfortunate canine and were tearing it to pieces when Dempsey rushed on the scene and flung himself into the thick of the fray. He seized the little dog in his arms and kicked the wolfhounds off. It is a wonder to me they didn't chew him up, but he escaped without injury.

The severity of the snowstorm forced us to remain indoors Tuesday afternoon and the greater part of Wednesday. Yesterday, however, we set out, Dempsey, Teddy Hayes, Sec Romero, a United States marshal; Jack Adler, a hotel proprietor; Bill Springer; Sam Fisher, our guide; Jerry Luvadis and the writer.

At 2:30 Dempsey sighted two deer, one of which he killed. The other fell a victim to Sec Romero's rifle.—*Courtesy of Cleveland News.*

Great Men in Defeat

By ADRIAN LISTINA

IT is easy to strut about, haughtily, with a firm step and a high head, in the hour of victory, and the world is fond of depicting the conquering hero at the pinnacle of his power. But let us now turn our eyes to the other side of the picture, and gaze, for a few moments, upon some stalwart men in the hour of their defeat.

When the great battle, at Richburg, Miss., in which Kilrain was beaten by Sullivan, was over, Jake was in a pitiable plight, and, with the cry: "Where are my friends," he burst into tears, while still sitting in the ring. A shawl was thrown over his shoulders and he started to walk to the train, (it was necessary to leave the battle ground as quickly as possible, in order to avoid arrest), but a wagon, having been procured, Kilrain climbed into it and was thus conveyed to the cars.

He was inconsolable over his defeat. Time and again he exclaimed: "I had him beaten!" "I had him beaten!"

Frank Stevenson, his backer, and little Johnny Murphy, his bottle holder, sat at his side, and ministered to his comfort as best they could. They sponged his face, and from time to time gave him water. When in the train, a couch was improvised for Kilrain and he lay down, stretching his feet to the opposite side of the car.

A coat was thrown over him, and he soon fell asleep.

But he awoke as the train was crossing the trestle over Lake Pontechrain, and reproached Mitchell, at whose door he placed his defeat. Mitchell hotly replied, and a little group of spectators quickly gathered around the men, in anticipation of trouble, but the threatened storm blew over without any one coming to blows.

When he reached New Orleans, Jake was given a bath, after which he went to bed; and, on the third day after the encounter, bore scarcely a mark to show that he had lost a championship fight. Yet, he seemed thoroughly cowed. He followed Mitchell from place to place, as a dog follows his master, did his bidding unquestioningly; and was completely dominated by him, though, in his heart, he both hated and distrusted the Englishman.

I have always believed that Jake lost the battle to John L. before a blow had been struck. When I interviewed him, years ago, soon after the fight, he would not blame anybody for his defeat, but I am sure that he has no love in his heart for the Englishman. "Why," said he, "I stood up round after round in the sun, while Mitchell sat in my corner with his head wrapped in a towel soaked in ice water."

When Sullivan, the unbeatable champion of champions, surrendered his title to Jim Corbett, he cried like a child. Before leaving the ring, the ex-champion mumbled a few incoherent words, and faded from the picture.

Waking, next morning, from a drunken stupor, his tears flowed afresh. The writer encountered him that afternoon, and "Sully, still drunk and in bathing trunks, rambled through an

(*Continued on page* 19)

A Champion in the Making—

THERE probably never was an era in the annals of boxing when so many good boys appeared on the horizon in the various classes and especially in the lighter divisions. How many of these are champions in the making is, of course, a difficult thing to say. In any event there are contenders enough just now to make almost all champions, Joe Lynch and Benny Leonard and Johnny Dundee, especially, take notice.

One of the cleverest of the lot of the new featherweights is Sammy Mandell, who otherwise is Sammy Mondello, a native of Italy, but a citizen of Rockford, Ill., since he was knee high to a grasshopper. In two years as a professional he has risen steadily, until he flashes brilliantly today.

"I have been boxing for about five years," says Sammy. "I started out in the soldiers' training camp at Rockford, Camp Grant. Fred Dwyer, the old-timer, was the instructor out there during the war, and he gave me my start. He taught me to box and gave me chances to appear in bouts and improve. When the war was over I turned professional but it is within the past two years that I have done my best work."

Modesty overcomes Sammy and he will tell little more, unless you ask him about his future, when he is all smiles.

"Some day I hope to be a champion," Sammy remarks. "Some day I expect to have a big fortune. I have saved $40,000 so far and have bought a home for my father and sisters. If I should become a champion and have plenty of money, when I retire I will spend my money among the poor kids in the world. I was a poor kid, and I know how tough it is for them."

Sammy is twenty-two. He has a string of victories that is impressive. He is not a smashing hitter but he hits cleanly. His forte is his boxing skill. He has been likened to the famed Rodolph Valentino, whose handsome face has captivated the fair ones of our land. Sammy easily ranks as the most handsome boxer in the game to-day. His ability to box so skilfully has kept his face unmarred.

He likes to fight. Not alone the rewards that confront him but the sheer love of fighting impels him to take any bout offered. He is a high school graduate and was a crackerjack football, baseball and basketball player on the Rockford high school teams. He is quiet-spoken, ambitious and confidence itself.

Always in fine condition, he always is ready for the big day when he hopes to win the crown. Experts who have watched him in the ring declare that he is on the road to a ring title and Sammy believes that himself. And that's half the battle providing it doesn't bring about cocksuredness on the part of the ambitious one—and Sammy isn't in danger on that score.

Great Men in Defeat— (*Continued from page* 18)

endless rigmarole of talk, ending with:

"But he licked me, yes he did," and then more tears.

And so it was, at frequent intervals, on the long journey northward, from the Crescent City to Gotham. John L., who travelled in the much battered old sleeper, "Galena," was almost hopelessly "stewed" throughout the journey. Everything possible was done to comfort him as he sped away from the scene of disaster, but this man of iron could not forget his defeat.

Charlie Johnson, his backer, seeing him sitting in a stupor, at the car window, slapped him playfully on the cheek at the same time exclaiming: "Wake up and have some style about you!" A prolonged spree of drunkenness, utter despair, and a river of tears—these were the outstanding features of the manner in which Sullivan received his defeat by Corbett.

And what of the Pompadour Champion? How did he conduct himself in the hour of disaster? Beyond all question, no man was ever more completely overwhelmed by defeat than was Jim Corbett. He was no more prepared for defeat at "Lanky Bob's hands, than Sullivan had been prepared for defeat at his own; and, when the belt suddenly slipped from his waist, so to speak, in the fourteenth round, after Fitz had crashed the wind out of him with a solar-plexus punch, he, too, cried bitterly, and became in fact almost hysterical.

Rushing over to his opponent's corner, after being down twelve seconds, he frantically implored another chance, but the Cornishman waved him aside.

"Oh boys!" said Corbett, in his dressing room, after the fight, "it was an awful blow, and, for a minute, I thought it had killed me."

Then he would suddenly declare his intention to seek out Fitzsimmons and whip him on the street, but he would no sooner get to his feet, than his knees would shake under him so violently that he would be forced to resume his seat.

He did not, like Sullivan, seek solace in the flowing bowl, nor did he, like John L., bow to the decree of Fate.

The burden of his song of sorrow was: "Give me another chance!"

But Fitzsimmons, who remembered Corbett's oft-repeated: "Go get a reputation," took his own time about giving the Californian a return match, and, when, long after they were both has-beens, (though Fitz was still the better man), he did offer him a chance to wipe out his defeat, but Corbett cared so little about it, that he calmly enumerated a list of reasons why he no longer cared to fight Fitz.

Jack Dempsey, the "Nonpariel," was heart-broken over his defeat by Fitzsimmons, which shortened his days. Dan Creedan, Australia's premier middleweight, cried bitterly when the "freckled freak" sent him to dreamland.

Fitzsimmons, when it came his time to take it, accepted defeat at the hands of Jeffries like a philosopher, and Jeffries, though it was a bitter humiliation for him, did likewise. Nor did Johnson or Willard make any particular outcry, except that Johnson declared he had faked the fight to let Willard win.

How Dempsey will take it, when his turn comes, remains to be seen.

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Bob Armstrong's Educated Dice

By JOE HUMPHRIES
(World Famous Announcer)

FEW who knew the late Charley Van Loan, one of the greatest writers of sporting fact and fiction, will forget him. Van was a great, big fellow who was full of fun. He had a voice like a foghorn and we can hear to this day the echoes of his "Yea Bo!" Those of us who were out for the Jeffries-Johnson rumpus in 1910 still recall Charley was always full of pep and ginger and a great entertainer.

When the fight was scheduled to take place in Frisco, Jeff had his training camp pitched up in the mountains at Rowardennen. A party of celebrities was invited by Willie Collier, the actor and a great fight fan, to take a trip up to visit him, and among them was Van Loan.

As they got off the train and paid their respects to Jeff's retinue, Charley shouted in his booming basso:

"Come on suckers. Who wants to shoot craps?"

That was music to the ears of Bob Armstrong, the big negro who was Jeff's chief trainer, for Bob was a champ with the galloping dominoes.

"I'll play with you, Mist' Van Loan and will produce de bones," said Bob, when no one else took up the defi.

So they adjourned for about a quarter of an hour and all wanted to know how Van Loan had come out.

"I lef' him de sweat in de palm ob his han'," grinned Bob.

Jeff, like all fighters in training, was high strung. One morning he was aroused by a continuous knocking that sounded like a woodpecker. He demanded that something be done to abate the nuisance, so a woodpecker hunt was organized but nary a one discovered.

Frank McConnell, a detective, finally unravelled the mystery. He had traced the sound to Armstrong's room. He gathered the crowd together and they tiptoed up the stairs. McConnell inserted a skeleton key in the lock and threw open the door and there sat Bob at a work table where he was busily drilling and loading dice for the next sucker.

Van Loan demanded his money back but received nothing.

"Mis' Van Loan," said Bob, "I'se spent lots o' time an' money in luhnin how to shoot craps, and now just because you come on me unexpectedly and see how it's done you want to get back what I's won tru' de medium ob scientific research!

"No, sah. Yo' gotta pay fo' yo' education."

HISTORY OF BOXING

(*Continued from page* 12)

nag could gallop. Burke's few friends had to fight their way to safety with their pistols.

The Briton and his seconds had to hide in the police station for three days before they were smuggled aboard a Mississippi River steamboat going North. Burke lost his $500 but was lucky to escape with his life. O'Rourke subsequently came to a violent end, being killed in a brawl in Ottawa September 8, 1845.

When Burke returned to New York he was made much of and his face was a familiar one at Niblo's Gardens, the resort of the elite at that time.

Some time after his arrival he got into quarrel over a woman in the underworld and was attacked by an Irishman called Larry. Burke gave him a thrashing. Tom O'Connell, a well-built Hibernian, a brother of Larry, interfered, and Burke wanted to fight it out with him then and there. O'Connell refused to put up his hands but a match was made between the two for $500 a side.

The battle took place on Hart's Island, in the East River, Burke winning easily, and to his dying day Burke said it was the most orderly prize fight in which he had ever engaged. That was the Deaf 'Un's last appearance in the American ring, as no one could be found to face him. He was given a benefit at Conklin's Hall which netted him $500.

When he returned to England Burke fell in with a set of young noblemen who started him going the pace that kills. His run down grade was rapid. Burned out by his dissipation, he was no match for Bendigo, who beat him in ten rounds, February 12, 1839. New prize ring rules prohibited butting and when things were going badly for the Deaf 'Un in the tenth round he could not control himself and used his head on his rival. He was promptly disqualified.

He fought a couple of times after this, but dissipation helped along the seeds of consumption which had been sowed in him in his youth and he died young, an object of charity.

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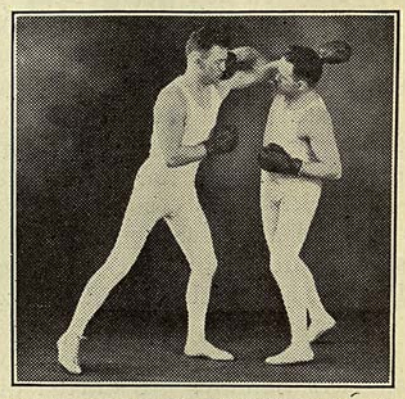

An illustration from Lesson 3 showing Mike Gibbons delivering right cross to Tom Gibbons' jaw

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From Amateur Champion to "Pro" Sensation

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

GUISEPPI SCOPPETTONE next to Frankie Genaro, leads the onward march of a large number of Italian-American amateur boxers who have made good in the professional ranks. Joe, who just celebrated his twenty-first birthday, is going like a house on fire in the lightweight division. He lost but one battle in eleven since he graduated from the A. A. U. in February, 1923. This is a wonderful showing for a youngster considering the important fact that he had to hang up his gloves for five of eleven months because of a broken nose.

Scoppettone—the first half of his monicker, when translated and digested means RUN—is under the management of Mike Valentine, who discovered and developed Carl (Yaconetti) Duane. The shrewd Valentine is nursing Joe as he did his former protege, Duane, and in due time, say in the space of another twelve months' seasoning, he will match him with the topnotchers in the 135-pound division. Val believes he has a diamond in the rough in Scoppettone.

"We're not challenging Benny Leonard or pulling any of that trick stuff," declares Manager Mike. "That's furthest from our minds at this writing. We want no part of Benny. But the raft of other fellows who think they should have a smash at Leonard can be accommodated by Joe any time they say the word.

It is a matter of record that more Italian-American performers have stood up in the money ranks after quitting the amateurs, than any other nationality. Twenty years ago the Irish stood out in this particular reckoning, but in the last five the wearers of the red, white and green have taken the thunder away from the Emerald Isle boys. Genaro heads the list and Italian boxing enthusiasts are mighty proud of him. He has done more to make fans among his countrymen than any other athlete in sport history.

Announcement of the American flyweight champion's next bout, and they come in droves to see Genaro do his stuff. Scoppettone, according to his past performances, bunched in five months, follows Genaro, and the others in rotation include Lew Hurley, Tony Vaccarelli, Joe Saviola, Frankie Fay, Paul Gulotto, Dominick Petrone, Pasquale Rufflolo, John Felucci, George Mormando, Ted Carrier, Phil Mendoza, Nick De Salvo, Casper Leon, John Rini, national champion; John Cameneri, Joseph Tritta, John Di Laduro and John Palladino.

For the two years and a half Scoppettone stood them on their heads chasing after medals. He was crowned Metropolitan 128-pound champion in 1922. The rival he took into camp for the title was a countryman, Paul Gulotta. He fought all of eighty-five battles, dropping eleven decisions only. Since he went on big time he has taken on two to four pounds.

The first opponent Scoppettone tackled when he turned pro, was Harry Felix. Right out of the box Joe floored him for a count of nine. The bell saved Felix. In the next three rounds Felix outslugged Scoppettone and deserved the decision.

Did this discourage Joe? Not so that one could notice it. He appreciated that the fight had done him a world of good and pleaded with his mentor to get him some more work. Next came Sailor Vasques and Joe beat him to a frazzle in four hotly contested sessions. Suddenly Joe discovered he had a knockout punch in the right hand and he applied the sleep potion on four successive antagonists, viz: Benny Hertz, three; Georgie Brown, three; Frankie Barrick, two, and Sam Dobbins, one. In between he defeated Otto Goldberg, Joe Rocco, Harry Sutton, Steve Markin, Ed Riley and Pete White.

Between his amateur days and the time he began his professional career, Scoppettone fought several good fights in the armories under the name of Joe Thomas.

It was not until he got a few pastings in street slugfests that Joe found out he could defend himself and give as well as take a lacing. Scoppettone smiles when he recalls how he used to shuffle in his home quietly after a street corner scrap and beg his mother, Concetta, to nurse his discolored optics. One night, however, Signor Gaetano Scoppettone happened to stroll in a bit late and he saw his boy stretched out in bed, his face a mass of bruises.

"Tell me the truth," admonished Signor Gaetano, "did you whip the other fellow?" Joe luckily had beaten his boy. "Yes, pop, I gave him a good licking," moaned the youngster.

"All right, fine, very good," said Signor Gaetano. "Don't you dare ever come home again in this disgraceful shape unless you win. If you lose and get a beating you'd better go in hiding. I don't want any disgrace in my home."

"I whipped twenty kids my size and then I decided to take up the game seriously," said Scoppettone. "Some of my older companions advised me to go in the amateurs and no sooner said than I joined the Bronxdale Club." Joe carried the emblem of the Bronx organization to numerous victories.

It was not all peaches and cream with Joe while he was shooting lefts and rights because he had to go out and earn a living. He was seventeen when he got a job as a riveter at the Shooter Island shipyards. The work didn't last long so he did the next best thing and went on his father, Gaetano's, payroll. He started to learn the tailor business.

He pressed pants, sewed buttons and did some other odd jobs to while away the time. But first and foremost in his mind was the determination to continue his boxing. The success he attained among the simon pures didn't turn his head. He kept plugging and his efforts were finally recognized.

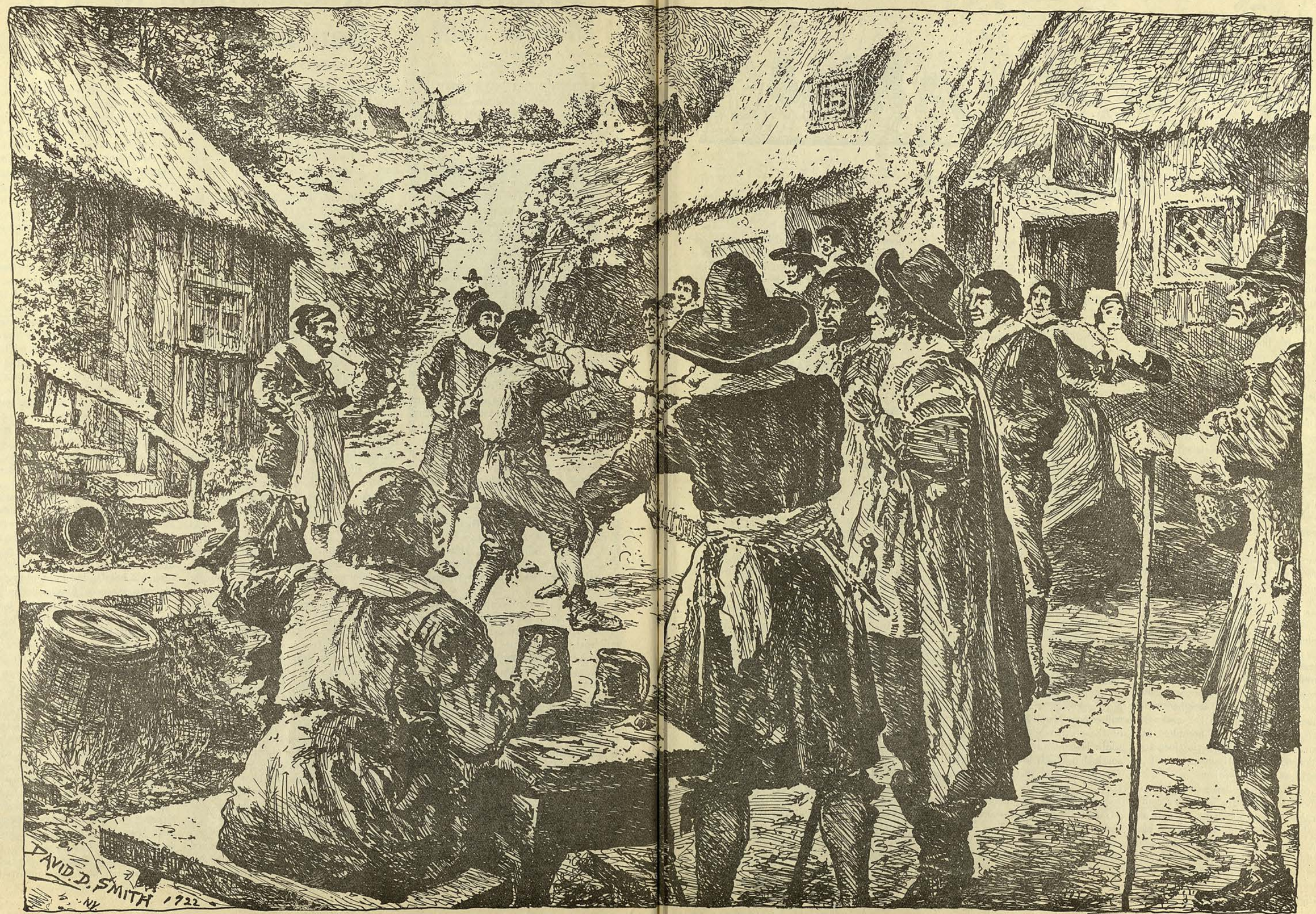
Valentine, who lives and plies his managerial trade in the Bronx, was tipped off to Scoppettone's prowess. He saw him in several amateur fights and liked him right well. He induced him to stop chasing prizes in favor of green backs. That suited Joe to a big T.

Pop Gaetano objected strenuously to his son's vocation as a boxer and threatened him with a chastising unless he hung up his gloves at once. Joe didn't care to argue with his parent, but he camouflaged his profession by assuming the name of Thomas. He got away with it for some little time, then some busybody tipped the elder Scoppettone that his boy was seen in ring combat.

"He'll be a champion some day," the informant supplemented his

(*Continued on page* 24)

How They Settled Their Disput in the Days of Peter Stuyvesant



Fighting Fools

By VERNON VAN NESS

IT must be that some of us are born to work, some raised to it and others forced to it. Work is an honorable thing, be it with pick and shovel or a fountain pen, or a pair of boxing gloves. We have heard of "working fools," a designation lovingly employed to knight a man for his honest efforts. And, so, running across one of boxing's hardest workers, we take the liberty of putting him in that royal niche where Fighting Fools belong.

There have been many fighting fools. The expression often is used in varying meanings and moods. A buzzsaw boxer, the McGovern type, the Ketchell stamp, is called a fighting fool, but though he deserves his palm with oak leaves, we do believe the fellow who never knew when to take a day's rest was the real Fighting Fool. Of course the appellation is open to argument, as are so many things these days.

However, following along the trail of the person we have in mind, we find his name is no household word. He is not great nor rich, despite his labors. He may not even be alive to read of his exploits. So far as we know he was up and doing five or six years back. Anyway his name was Hugh Madole, and in the year 1889 he came into being down in Pittsburgh.

He grew to be five feet six inches, measured in his socks, and weighed without them. Thus without the socks he could muster 128 to 130 pounds. He was born with a combative instinct and a burning desire to distinguish himself in the world as a hard worker.

He certainly must have been one of those born to work, for no father could have raised him to maintain the pace he did and no one could have forced him into it. In a career that extended four years this Hugh Madole took part in 260 bouts for a total of over 1,000 rounds—and never lost. No, sir, never lost.

A Fighting Fool?

Rather. After he had worked on an average of once every week consistently for four years he found time dragging heavily upon his hands. He considered in a proper manner the time that he was wasting and contemplated his future when he might be forced into idleness by the slothfulness of his youth, and he determined to correct things.

He joined a carnival company that was touring the country, striking the Gopher Prairies. Well, it was in the fall of the year and coolish under canvas. A fellow had to keep busy to keep warm. The matter of upholding a prestige that defied all comers was a secondary consideration. A Fighting Fool just fights because it's his nature, because he is in the habit or because he had to. It was natural with Hugh. Just a natural phenomenon.

Hugh had a contract to meet all comers. For keeping this contract Hugh was paid a sum—a mere detail to Hugh, of course—and the "all comers" came all the time. They piled up on Hugh. They congested the tent. They forced Hugh to meet as many as four in one day, two at the afternoon performance and two at the evening show.

Filled thus with plenty to do, Hugh worried through October and November, the year being 1913, but the carnival was driven by the approaching frosts to close. No respectable, no sensible carnival man will expose his show to the wintry blasts of the north while the balmy air of the south beckons, and the carnival trekked south, but Hugh loved the north and he feared, besides, that work might grow slack.

So that's how Hugh could compile but 117 (one hundred and seventeen, correct) fights in two months. That is how Hugh was able only to score forty-nine knockouts, sixty-five decisions and three draws.

They say that after Hugh looked over this measely record and considered the time he had lost when he might have been doing some real hard ring work, it broke his heart and compelled him to retire. That we do not know for certain. All we know is that Hugh was a Fighting Fool without question. The Fightenest kind of a Fool.

FROM AMATEUR TO "PRO" SENSATION

(*Continued from page* 21)

"squeal." Gaetano Scoppettone didn't know or appreciate the fact that his son was the cynosure of all eyes when he fought and that the newspaper headlines broadcasted the information that his boy was the likeliest looking youngster in the modern art, etc.

Signor Gaetano thought some day Guiseppi would take over his tailoring establishment. There had never been a boxer in his family and he took pains to look up his ancestry. One night while he was taking a much needed rest, he heard loud hurrahs outside his window. Had some of his old friends come to serenade him?

In Italy where Signor Gaetano reared his family before bringing them here twenty years ago, serenading was a common display of friendship. He looked out the window and he couldn't believe his eyes when he saw what looked to him like an army of soldiers, carrying on their shoulders the grinning form of his boy.

"Three cheers for Joe; he's the champion of the world!" the boys yelled in unison. The demonstration was loud and it lasted so long that most of the tenants at 2299 Crotona Avenue threatened to have the Scoppettones evicted. They were celebrating Joe's victory in the Metropolitan 128-pound championship.

Joe is in hard training at Grupp's daily in expectation of getting several important assignments.

Results of Boxing Bouts

DECEMBER

2—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Andraes Castanos beat George Katsonaras, four rounds.

3—Waterloo, Iowa:
Warnie Smith beat Glenn Milligan, ten rounds.

3—Walla Walla, Wash.:
Billy Wright beat Bert Tribbey, six rounds.

3—Portland, Ore.:
Billy Mascott beat Harry Braner, four rounds.

3—Birmingham, Ala.:
Jimmy Finley and Johnny Tillman, ten-round draw.

4—Seattle, Wash.:
Dode Bercot beat JohnnyTrahitas, six rounds.

4—New Orleans, La.:
Anthony Young Marullo knocked out Soldier Buck, two rounds.

4—Memphis, Tenn.:
Frankie Garcia beat Abe Kabakoff, eight rounds.

4—Birmingham, La.:
Johnny Tillman and Jimmy Finley, ten-round draw.

4—Louisville, Ky.:
Young Jack Dillon beat Frankie Jones, ten rounds.

5—San Francisco, Calif.:
Sam Baker beat George Gibbons, four rounds.
Chick Roach beat Gene Cline, four rounds.
Eddie Kelly beat Teddy Seidman, four rounds.
Mack House knocked out Bud Fisher, two rounds.
Joe McCabe beat Al Sangek, four rounds.
Jack McPartland beat Mon Minnerick, four rounds.
Willie Hoppe beat Louis Campia, four rounds.

5—San Francisco, Calif.:
Soldier Jimmy Carter beat Soldier Norfolk, four rounds.
Henry Faligano and Roy Riley, four-round draw.
Al Cirimelli beat Johnny Lawson, four rounds.
Mason Griffin beat Joe Lannon, four rounds.
Jack Latham knocked out Neil Morris, one round.
Art Emery and Lew Dennison, four-round draw.
Johnny Walker beat Ray Evans, four rounds.

5—Seattle, Wash.:
Dode Bercot and Johnny Trambitas, six-round draw.
Pete Bross beat Truman Davis, six rounds.
Chick Tabbit beat Stanley Willis, six rounds.
Bobby Pierce and Jerry Clark, six-round draw.
Billy Quilter beat Dick Carterm, six rounds.

5—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Allentown Joe Gans and Pal Reed, twelve-round draw.

6—St. Joseph, Mo.:
Young Sam Butler beat Hap Malone, ten rounds.

6—Tacoma, Wash.:
Frankie Farren knocked out Johnny Jordan, one round.

6—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Julius Jessivk beat Eddie Gleason, four rounds.

6—Bellingham, Wash.:
Billy Quilter and Marty Foose, four-round draw.

6—San Mateo, Calif.:
George Rivers and Eddie Hadden, four-round draw.
Angela Pappas and Johnny Lamar, four-round draw.
Sailor Hickok beat Pete Woods, four rounds.
Tommy Moran beat Frankie Dempsey, one round.
Frankie Mariata knocked out Mike Dempsey, one round.
Battling Kelly beat Joe Reiner, four rounds.
Al Cordoza knocked out Dave Rodgers, second round.

6—San Bernardino, Calif.:
Billy Wallace beat Johnny Adams, four rounds.

6—San Pedro, Calif.:
Jockey Joe Dillion beat Mickey Nelson, four rounds.

7—Eugene, Ore.:
Phil Bayes beat Dale Freedman, four rounds.

7—Everett, Wash.:
Eddie Neil beat Brownie Villon, six orunds.

7—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Dick Hoppe beat Pepper Martin, four rounds.

7—Sacramento, Calif.:
Billy Gibbs and Jack Shirley, four-round draw.

7—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Herb Brodie won on a foul from Sailor Friedman, four rounds.
Jack McAuliffe II beat Joe White, ten rounds.
Joe McCann beat Jack Townsend, ten rounds.

7—Passaic, N. J.:
Jimmy Mendo beat Frankie Fasano, twelve rounds.

7—Rochester, N. Y.:
Archie Walker knocked out Charlie O'Connell, two rounds.

7—Fall River, Mass.:
Terry Martin beat Tony Thomas, ten rounds.
Tony Carney beat Young Diaz, ten rounds.

7—Philadelphia, Pa.:
George Godfrey knocked out Rough House Wares, one round.

7—Englewood, N. J.:
Corporal Schwartz beat Joe Jack, twelve rounds.

7—Winnipeg, Canada:
Morrie Schlaiefer beat Bud Logan, ten rounds.

7—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Frankie Schoell beat Mickey Brennan, six rounds.

8—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Phil Kaplan beat Jack McVey, twelve rounds.
Ansell Bell beat Joe Souza, twelve rounds.

8—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Joe Glick knocked out Billy Brown, three rounds.
Eddie Riley knocked out Frankie Fay, one round.
Vincent Peppe beat Harry Brandon, eight rounds.

8—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Marty Summers beat Jack Perry, eight rounds.
Vic Brog beat Danny Cohen, eight rounds.

8—14th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Henny Catena knocked out Joe Melito, six rounds.
Morris Meola beat Billy Wells, ten rounds.
Lee Wedo beat Danny Lyons, ten rounds.

8—San Francisco, Calif.:
Sailor Ashmore beat Pete Daley, four rounds.
Sunny Jim beat Midnight Edmundson, four rounds.
Mike O'Leary beat Pat Corbett, four rounds.
Young Nationalista knocked out Al Woods, two rounds.
Red Uhlan beat Joe Silvam, four rounds.
Martin O'Shea knocked out Sailor Lee, four rounds.
Joe Firpo knocked out Al McCoy, one round.
Harry Wallace and Art Springer, four-round draw.

10—Memphis, Tenn.:
Eddie Anderson beat Jimmy Russo, eight rounds.

10—Alexandria, La.:
Dutch Cozier beat Bobby Waugh, twelve rounds.

10—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Gene Tunney beat Harry Greb, fifteen rounds.
Tommy Loughran beat Roland Todd, ten rounds.
Frank Moody knocked out Arthur Cotter, three rounds.
George West beat Al Stuby, four rounds.
Jimmy Clyde beat Willie Ackerman, four rounds.

10—Broadway Exhibition Ass'n, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Dave Shade beat Harry Galfund, twelve rounds.
Sammy Markowitz beat Happy Mahoney, ten rounds.

10—Rochester, N. Y.:
Jack Renault knocked out Tom Cowler, four rounds.

10—Trenton, N. J.:
Ansell Bell beat Joe Nelson, ten rounds.

10—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Pancho Villa beat Patsy Wallace, ten rounds.
Pete Sarmeinto and Bobby Wolgast, ten rounds.
Hugh Clements and Joe Savage, six rounds.
Dan Garin beat Buddy Fitzgerald, six rounds.
Charley Ray beat Battling Murray, four rounds.

10—Troy, N. Y.:
Young Testo beat Paddy Ryan, twelve rounds.
Frankie Murray knocked out Georgie Muigna, six rounds.

10—Manchester, N. H.:
Phinney Boyle and Billy Woods, ten-round draw.

10—Lynn, Mass.:
Red Chapman beat Romeo Roche, ten rounds.

10—Toledo, Ohio:
Al Corbett beat Johnny Andrews, twelve rounds.

10—New Orleans, La.:
Amos Kid Carlin beat Frankie Demari, ten rounds.

10—Louisville, Ky.:
Frankie Garcia beat Willie Ames, twelve rounds.

10—Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Cuddy DeMarco beat Eddie Kid Wagner, ten rounds.

10—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Rocky Kansas beat Freddy Jacks, six rounds.

11—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Cannonball Eddie Martin beat Wilbur Cohen, six rounds.
Sammy Bienfeld beat Gus Marino, six rounds.
Al Felder and Frankie Murray, six-round draw.
Johnny Clinton knocked out Sammy Morgan, one round.
Tony Palmer knocked out Jack Adnit, four rounds.
Willie Harmon knocked out Jim McGallion, one round.
Joe Malone and Ray Lucas, four-round draw.

11—Reading, Pa.:
Corporal Izzy Schwartz and Bobby Ruttenberg, ten-round draw.

11—St. Louis, Mo.:
Ernie Goozeman won on a foul from Jack Hausner, second round.
Babe Herman beat Mike Dundee, ten rounds.

11—Boston, Mass.:
Paul Doyle knocked out Vic Hirsch, five rounds.

11—St. Louis, Mo.:
Bob Sage beat Charley Nashert, eight rounds.

11—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Alex Hart beat Freddy Jacks, ten rounds.
Ad Stone knocked out Tommy Nelson, first round.
Bud Christano beat Joe Reno, ten rounds.
Lew Kid Silver beat Tommy Wilson, six rounds.

11—47th Regiment Armory, New York City:
Joey Baker beat Edwin Riley, ten rounds.
Joe Eppy and Joe Petio, eight-round draw.
Bobby Green beat Vincent Peppe, eight rounds.
Kid Bates beat Charley Frisco, four rounds.
Jimmy Martin beat Johnny Sanders, four rounds.

11—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Jack Reeves and Bert Colima, four-round draw.
Abie Gordon beat Frankie Grandetta, four rounds.

11—Seattle, Wash.:
Rube Finn beat Jack McDonnell, four rounds.

11—Panama:
Charley Pitts beat Buddy Saunders, ten rounds.
Kid Denver and Chick Kansas, six rounds.

12—Colorado Springs, Colo.:
Bobby Corbett knocked out Cowboy Pladgett, third round.

12—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Panama Joe Gans knocked out Irish Fagen, eight rounds.
Al Brown beat Willie Darcy, twelve rounds.

12—Mariesville, R. I.:
Willie Gradwell and Alex Hart, twelve-round draw.

12—Langley Field, Va.:
Eddie Burnbrook knocked out K. O. Loughlin, three rounds.

13—Rink Sporting Club, New York City:
Joe Tiplitz knocked out Ray Pryel, three rounds.
Jack Pry knocked out Tommy Clifford, one round.
Frankie Gano and Johnny Liano, six-round draw.

13—San Francisco, Calif.:
Teddy Silva beat Johnny Farr, four rounds.
Ray Pelkey knocked out Mack House, second round.
Sam Baker knocked out Tommy Gardner, second round.
Chick Roach beat Pepe Webster, four rounds.
Wildman Gould and Teddy O'Hara disqualified, third round.
Jack McPartland beat Eddie Doody, four rounds.
Eddie Phillips beat Cap Nelson, four rounds.

13—102nd Medical Regiment, New York City:
Tommy Chip beat Andy Williams, eight rounds.
Paul Berlenbach knocked out Jerome Bard, one round.
Willie Galligan beat Jack Rafferty, eight rounds.

13—Waterbury, Conn.:
Louis Kid Kaplan beat Johnny Leonard, two rounds.

13—Youngstown, Ohio:
Battling Owens won on a foul from George Godfrey, fifth round.
Frisco Kid McCabe beat Young Lawrence, ten rounds.
Jimmy Zill knocked out Young Cheekus, one round.
Kid Williams won on a foul from Young Dominie, six rounds.

13—Tacoma, Wash.:
Johnny Trambitas and Johnny Jordan, six-round draw.

13—San Bernardino, Calif.:
Billy Wallace beat Frisco Lewis, second round.

13—El Paso, Texas:
Jimmy Sacco beat Young Tommy Murphy, eight rounds.

13—San Pedro, Calif.:
Sammy Robideau beat Nel Stephenson, ten rounds.

13—San Francisco, Calif.:
Billy Springfield beat Jimmy Carter, four rounds.
Mason Griffin beat Johnny Walker, four rounds.
Al Cirmelli beat Jimmy Risso, four rounds.
Jack Russo beat Art Emery, four rounds.
Jack McCarty beat Soldier Norfolk, four rounds.
Sailor Bogardus beat Stanley O'Day, four rounds.
Ray Smiley beat Tom O'Rourke, four rounds.

14—San Francisco, Calif.:
Pete Daley beat Sailor Ashmore, four rounds.
Young Roberts and Bud Soules, four-round draw.
Johnny Tillman and Martin O'Shea, four-round draw.
Mickey Sullivan beat Soldier Marples, four rounds.
Pat Corbett beat Tommy Comiskey, four rounds.
Joe Silva beat Joe Firpo, four rounds.
Harry Wallace and Roy Riley, four-round draw.

14—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Stewart McLean beat Dick Griffin, four rounds.

14—Sacramento, Calif.:
Tommy Gardner and Sammy Olsen, four-round draw.

14—Charlotte, N. C.:
Luke Tennder beat Sailor Lewis, ten rounds.
Parles Ritch knocked out Kid Crosby, two rounds.
Kid Belk beat Bud Spittle, four rounds.

17—Chicago, Ill.:
Alex Trambitas beat Jimmy Gory, ten rounds.

17—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Johnny Dundee beat Jack Bernstein, fifteen rounds.
Sid Terris and Sammy Mandell, twelve-round draw.
Kid Sullivan knocked out Babe Herman, nine rounds.
Cannonball Martin beat Sonny Smith, six rounds.

17—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Danny Cooney beat Tommy Cooney, twelve rounds.
Jeff Clarke knocked out Battling Brown, first round.

17—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Jimmy Slattery beat Nick Volpett, six rounds.

17—Omaha, Neb.:
Morrie Schlaifer beat Panama Joe Gans, ten rounds.

17—Shreveport, La.:
Charley Nashert beat Joe Lohman, fifteen rounds.

17—New Orleans, La.:
Eddie Anderson and Bill Kennedy, fifteen-round draw.

Ashton Donza beat Frank Kennedy, ten rounds.
Bill Burton beat Charles Rodriquez, six rounds.
Tommy Harris beat Jack Lewis, six rounds.

17—Columbus, Ohio:
Frank Callahan knocked out Brockie Chapman, four rounds.

17—Memphis, Tenn.:
Kid Dugan knocked out Jimmy King, four rounds.

17—Birmingham, Ala.:
Johnny McGinty knocked out Battling Kelly, four rounds.

18—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Jack Britton beat K. O. Phil Kaplan, ten rounds.
Pete August beat Eddie Fitzsimmons, ten rounds.
Henny Catena and Terry Miller, ten-round draw.
Jack Snyder beat Johnny Vinney, six rounds.
Herman Singer and Arnold Ryan, four-round draw.

18—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Charley White knocked out Bobby Barrett, six rounds.
Johnny Rose beat Martin Judge, ten rounds.
Buddy Fitzgerald beat Earl Hartman, six rounds.
Tex McEwan beat Jack Martin, six rounds.

18—47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Joe Kestner beat Pete White, ten rounds.

18—Boston, Mass.:
Johnny Wilson knocked out Pat McCarty, three rounds.
Jack Zalice beat Sammy Marco, ten rounds.

18—Detroit, Mich.:
Frankie Ganero beat Joe Clifford, ten rounds.
Midget Smith beat Joey Schwartz, ten rounds.

18—Portland, Me.:
Johnny (Kid) Rice beat Young Steve Travers, ten rounds.

18—Knoxville, Ky.:
Young Stribling beat Billy McGowan, eight rounds.

18—Paris, France:
Edouard beat Henri Hebrans, fifteen rounds.

18—Youngstown, Ohio:
Wild Bill Reed knocked out Soldier Mitchell, sixth round.
Young Webb and Fearless O'Malley, ten-round draw.
Pete Cannell beat Terry O'Dea, eight rounds.
Eddie Brown knocked out Young Ziller, six rounds.

19—Broadway Exhibition Association, Brooklyn:
Willie Harmon knocked out Johnny Summers, four rounds.
Corporal Izzy Schwartz beat Bobby Ruttenberg, twelve rounds.

19—Baltimore, Md.:
Joe Dundee beat Ted Merchant, twelve rounds.
Charley Holman beat Ralph Hepburn, ten rounds.

19—Nusha, N. H.:
Soldier Healey beat Young Tansey, ten rounds.

20—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Phil Krug and Italian Joe Gans, twelve-round draw.
Willie O'Connell beat Johnny Hamm, six rounds.
Jimmy Gallagher and Danny Cohen, six-round draw.
Fred Mace knocked out Jimmy Miller, four rounds.
Joe Reed beat Charley Delecarti, six rounds.
Romero Vaughn beat Joe Paladino, four rounds.

20—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Johnny Breslin beat Bobby Green, ten rounds.
Billy Wells knocked out Jack Mace, second round.
Micky Taylor beat Vic Brunne, ten rounds.

20—Columbus Sporting Club, Yonkers, N. Y.:
Billy Fitzsimmons and Robert Dastillion, ten-round draw.
Patsy Johnson beat Frankie Caruso, six rounds.
Jimmy Hutchison beat Willie Powell, six rounds.

20—Lowell, Mass:
Lew Paluso beat Joey Fox, ten rounds.
Emil Paluso knocked out Eddie Hackett, two rounds.

20—San Jose, Calif.:
Frankie Denny beat George Shade, six rounds.
Kid Robinson beat Young Thompson, six rounds.
Art Titus beat Johnny Tillman, six rounds.
Joe Powell beat Al Harris, six rounds.
Harry Fargo beat Frankie Murphy, six rounds.
Steamboat Morgan beat Fritzie Rudolph, six rounds.

20—San Pedro, Calif.:
Jimmy Hackley and Eddie Diggins, four-round draw.

20—Tacoma, Wash.:
George Lamson beat Marty Foley, six rounds.

20—San Bernardino, Calif.:
Lou Garcia and Billy Wallace, four-round draw.

21—Los Angeles, Calif.:
George Manley beat Bert Colima, four rounds.
Johnny Reislock beat Lee Moran, four rounds.

21—Edmonton, Alta.:
Vic Foley beat Artie Shiers, fifteen rounds.

21—Portland, Ore.:
Billy Mascott beat Danny Edwards, ten rounds.

25—Marshfield, Ore.:
Billy Conley and Frankie Murphy, ten-round draw.
Ace Boles knocked out Tommy McHale, one round.
Norma Wilson knocked out Charley Bath, second round.

21—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Ad Stone beat Billy Shade, twelve rounds.
Dave McGill knocked out Sailor Maxted, four rounds.
Tom Roper knocked out George Spallone, second round.
Charley McKenna beat Jack Douglass, six rounds.
Chief Metiquah knocked out Bill Haines, second round.
Tom McKirnan beat Jack Sabo, four rounds.
Joe Stossell beat Charley Van, four rounds.

21—Toronto, Canada:
Micky Walker knocked out Moe Herscivitchm, five rounds.

21—Hoboken, N. J.:
Ray Neuman beat Joe Borrell, twelve rounds.

21—Syracuse, N. Y.:
Red Moore beat Young Fisher, twelve rounds.

21—Aurora, Ill.:
Joe Burman beat Johnny McCoy, ten rounds.

21—Tampa, Fla.:
Aramis del Pino knocked out Jack Darcy, seven rounds.

21—Miami, Fla.:
Young Stribling beat Harry Krohnm, twelve rounds.

21—Fall River, Mass.:
Al Shubert beat Tommy Noble, ten rounds.
Billy Carney beat Wallie Wilde, ten rounds.

21—Los Angeles, Cal.:
Johnny Reisler beat Lee Moore, four rounds.

22—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Kid Williams knocked out Danny Lee, one round.
Herman (Kid) Silver and Vincent Salvatore, twelve rounds.

22—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Wilbur Cohen knocked out Frankie Murray, nine rounds.
Tony Palmer beat Freddy Locke, six rounds.
Tommy Duffy beat Jacob Grebelsky, six rounds.
Irving Goldberg beat Johnny O'Neill, three rounds.
Danny Hickey knocked out Paul Grallmuss, two rounds.

22—14th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn:
Andy Williams knocked out Eddie (Kid) Brown, six rounds.
Frankie Coster and Harry Mack, ten-round draw.

25—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Ad Stone knocked out Dan O'Dowd, six rounds.
Bud Christano beat Harry (Kid) Brown, ten rounds.
Eddie (Kid) Wagner beat Andy Chaney, ten rounds.
Charley Rosenberg beat K. O. Leonard, six rounds.
Buddy Fitzgerald beat Joe Stanley, six rounds.

25—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Jack Taylor beat Battling Siki, ten rounds.
Lew (Kid) Lewis beat Pedro Campo, ten rounds.
Sammy Novia beat Al Markie, six rounds.
Al Gordon beat Young Buck, six rounds.
Tommy Wilson beat Manuel Flores, six rounds.

25—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Little Jeff beat Young Chappie, ten rounds.
Johnny Rose beat Indian Russell, ten rounds.

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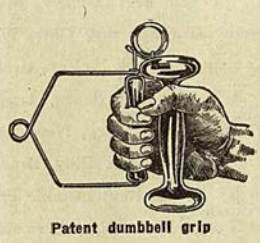

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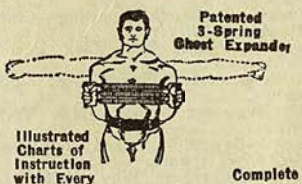

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25—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Harry Greb beat Tommy Loughran, ten rounds.

25—Portland, Me.:
Johnny McIntyre beat Johnny Pubok, twelve rounds.

25—Mariesville, R. I.:
Felix King knocked out Sailor Michaels, three rounds.

25—Lancaster, Pa.:
Eddie Ochs knocked our Frankie Daly, four rounds.
Joe Celmars knocked out Ralph Repburn, six rounds.

25—Mariesville, R. I.:
Corporal Schwartz beat Babe Willard, ten rounds.

25—Reading, Pa.:
Ritz Walters beat Ivory Eshelman, ten rounds.
Leo Reynolds beat Battling Paskos, ten rounds.
Bobby Williams beat Al Willis, eight rounds.
Ray Gibbons beat Pete Husnic, eight rounds.

25—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Joe Bogash knocked out Mike Johnson, three rounds.

26—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Joe Scappatone beat Harry Sutton, ten rounds.
Bud Dempsey beat Joe La Bate, ten rounds.
Jimmy Kane and Ruby Stein, ten-round draw.

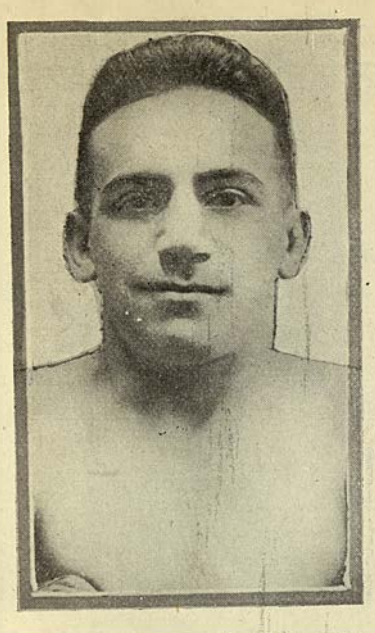
26—47th Regiment Armory, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Tommy Fay beat Joe Eppy, ten rounds.
Joey Baker beat Joe Petro, ten rounds.

26—Trenton, N. J.:
Tommy Kid Murphy beat Kid Harvey, ten rounds.

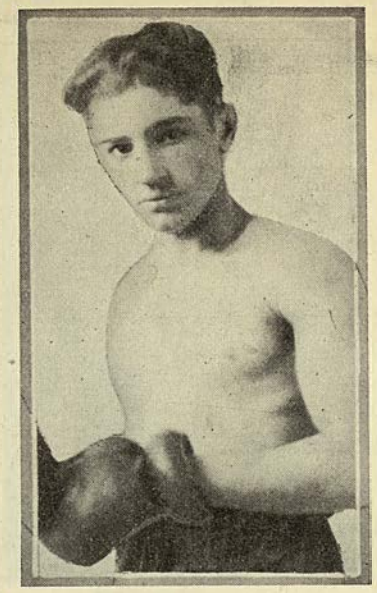
26—Zanesville, Ohio:
Jamaica Kid beat Tut Jackson, twelve rounds.

26—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Frankie Schoell beat Jackie Clark, six rounds.
Joe Saviola beat Jack Okes, six rounds.

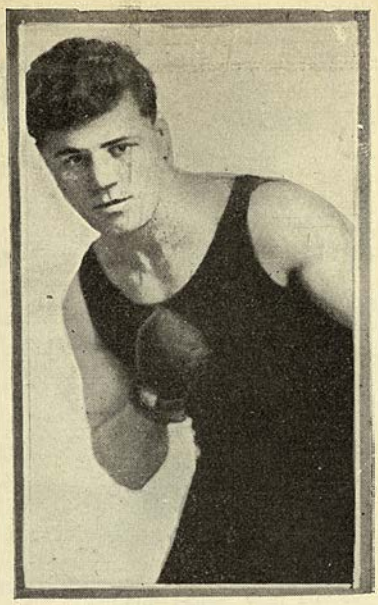
26—San Francisco, Calif.:
Mason Griffin beat Gene Cline, four rounds.



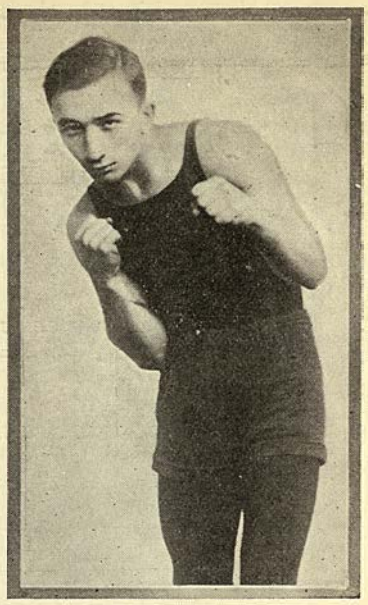
Al Felder, diminutive flyweight contender from Yorkville, who has a decision over Corporal Izzy Schwartz



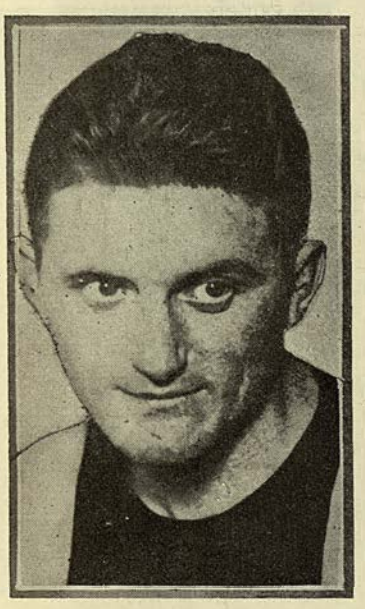
Lew Perfetti, former amateur flyweight champion, who still remains undefeated in professional circles



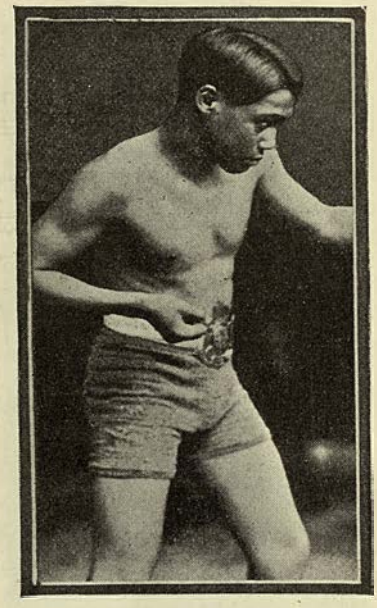
Joe Ryder, the sturdy Brooklynite, who beat Harry Gordon, and also dropped "Irish" Johnny Curtin for the nine count in the Garden



Charley Costello, who is making a good name for himself in the various armories, and will soon step out against faster company

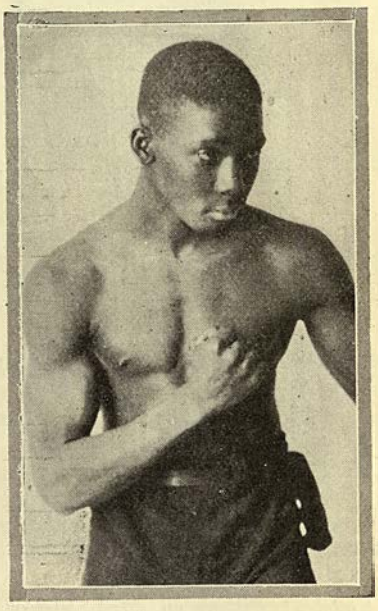


Luis Vincentini, South American lightweight star, who made a big hit in Madison Square Garden by knocking out Barney Keeley

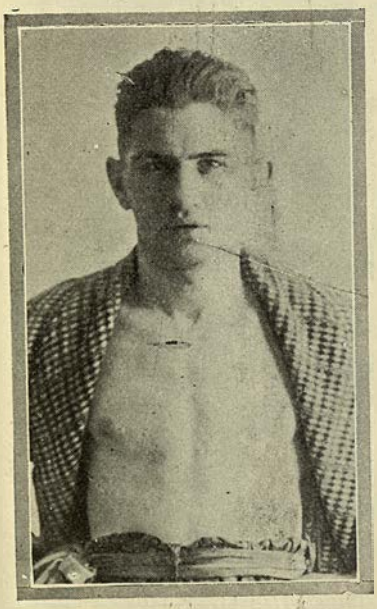


Joe Suzara, who holds the flyweight title of the Orient in the absence of Pancho Villa, and who is prepared to defend his honors when Villa returns home

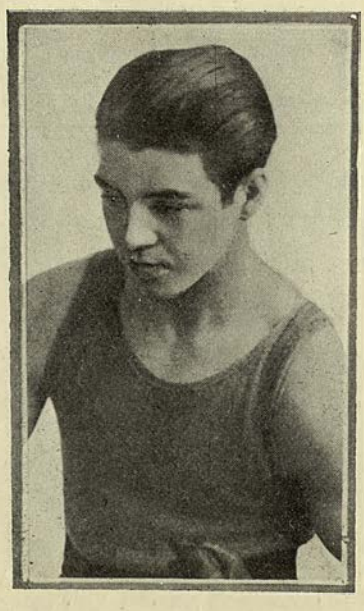
Buddy Saunders, colored battler in the Guard ranks, who is now settled in Panama and making good.



Ansell Bell, formerly Kid Buller, who holds decisions over Midget Smith, Charley Pilkington, and many other classy battlers

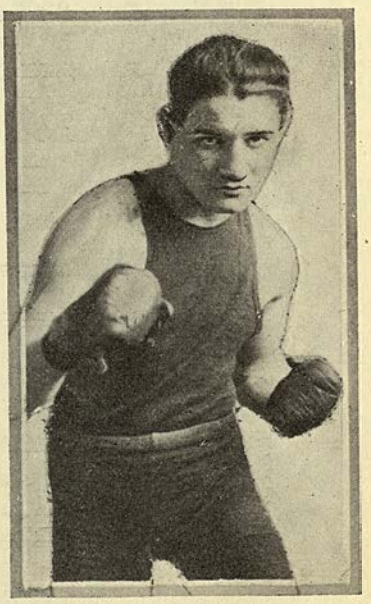


Frankie Jerome, the Bronx Spider, who made pugilistic history in Madison Square Garden with his bouts against Carl Duane and Irish Johnny Curtin



Sammy Mandell, the Rockford Flash, who has taken New York by storm, due to his victories over Harry "Kid" Brown and Babe Herman

Joe Burman, Chicago's star bantam, who dropped the decision to Abe Goldstein in New York for the bantamweight championship of New York State



Georgie Marks, who just returned from California, and won his two starts over Willie Darcy and Buck Josephs

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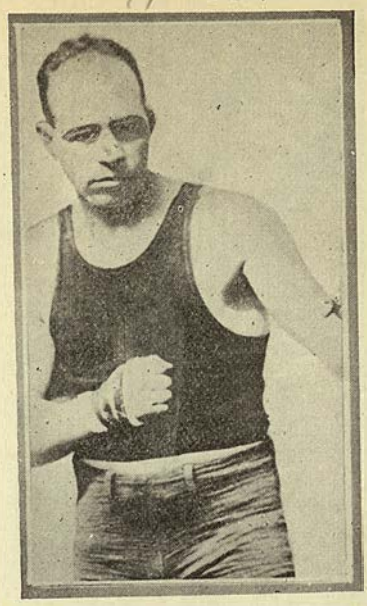
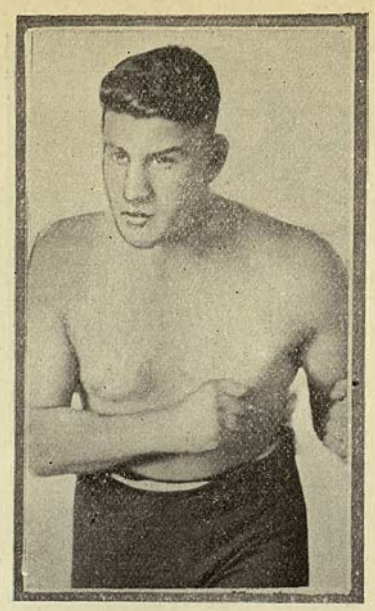
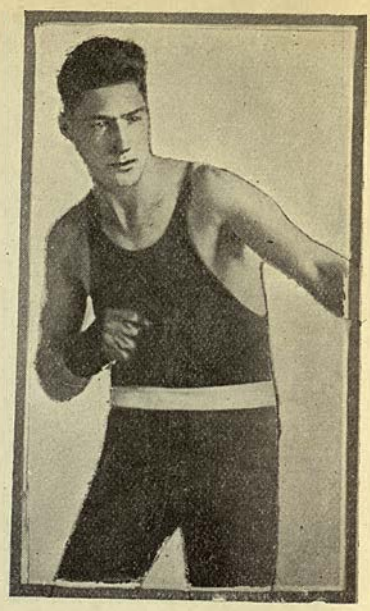
Buck Josephs, flyweight champion of New Jersey, who recently joined the fast growing stable of "Jersey" Jones



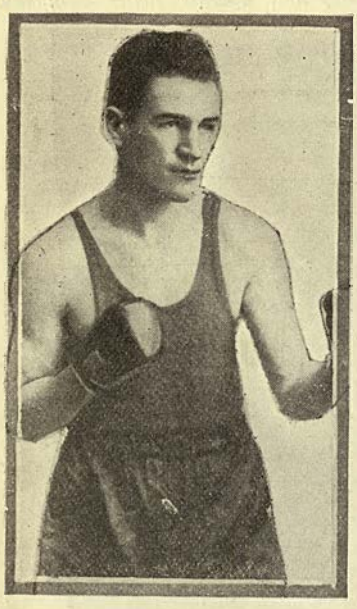
Billy De Foe, the veteran boxing wizard from St. Paul, who is still patiently waiting for a decision bout with Johnny Dundee



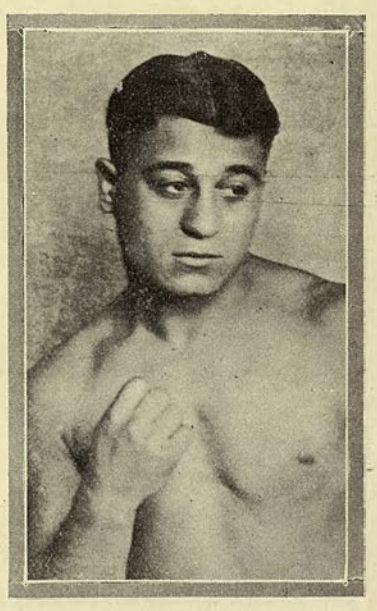
Alf Bright, British heavyweight, meeting all the American heavies with success, and handled by Scotty Montieth.



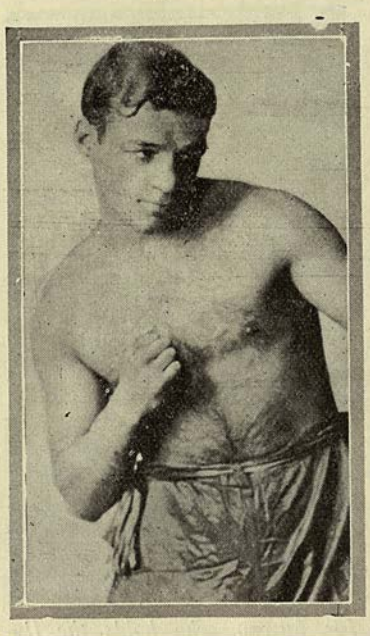
Patsy Iodice, newcomer in the middleweight ranks, hailing from Brooklyn, has won his three starts through the knockout route



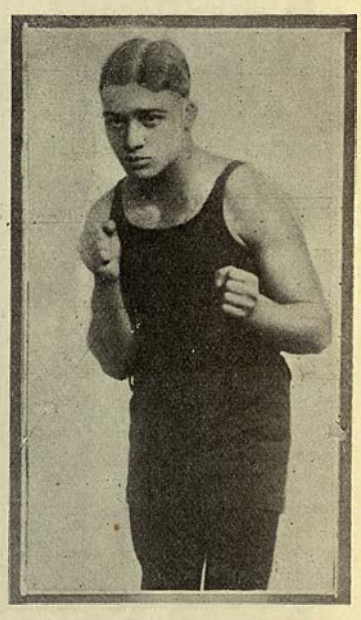
Charley Pilkington, the clever Harlem lightweight, who has fought them all, and is just as anxious for action as ever



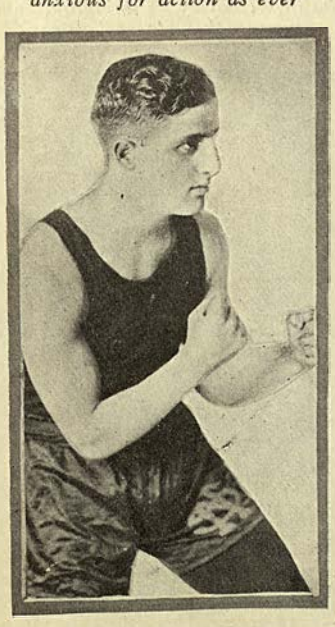
Mickey Travers of New Haven, Conn., who dropped Babe Herman for the count of nine in their bout at Madison Square Garden



Joe Nelson, rugged Philadelphian, who is being handled by Leo P. Flynn, and good enough to extend them all



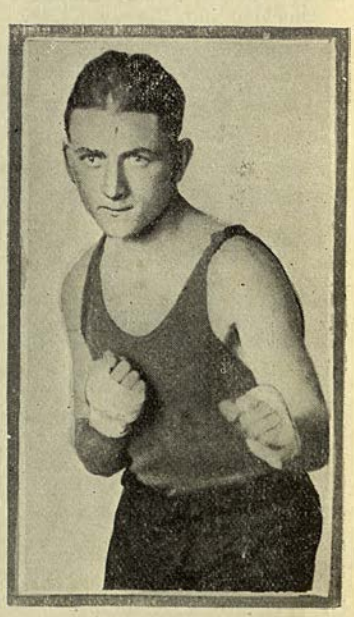
Vic Burrone, Greenwich Village bantam, who combats them all in the Regiment Armories



Sammy Nable, East Side bantam, who is making a strong come-back. He beat Tommy Ryan, Frankie Fasano, Danny Edwards and Frankie Coster in his recent bouts

Eddie Burnbrook, welterweight champion of the U. S. Army, who has compiled great K. O. record.

George Mendies, Australian flyweight champion, who is a knockout victim of world's champion, Pancho Villa



Jimmy Hutchison, younger brother of the late Hughie, who has won his last 39 starts, and who is one of the promising youngsters around New York

18—Salt Lake City, Utah:
Spug Meyers and Frankie Darren, fifteen-round draw.
18—Columbus, Ohio:
Frankie Callahan knocked out Brockie Chapman, fourth round.
21—San Francisco, Calif.:
Pete Daley beat illie O'Brien, four rounds.
Jimmy Marcus beat Young Roberts, four rounds.
Young Nationalista knocked out Kid Riley, second round.
21—Sacramento, Calif.:
Tommy O'Leary beat George Lee, four rounds.
Young Langford and Young Nelso, four-round draw.
Johnny Lawson beat Eddie Silvey, four rounds.
21—San Pedro, Calif.:
Jimmy Hackley and Eddie Diggins, four-round draw.
21—Oakland, Calif.:
Jimmy Duffy knocked out Sid Marks, one round.
Eddie Kelly and Teddy Silva, four-round draw.
Jack Silver beat Joe McCabe, four rounds.
Sunny Jim beat Racehorse Roberts, four rounds.
23—Panama:
Jose Lobardo knocked out Lucas Campos, one round.
Bobby Ray knocked out Soldier Neilson, two rounds.
Young Joe Gans beat Kid Isaacs, four rounds.
Soldier Buck Kansas beat Kid Denver, eight rounds.

DECEMBER

27—Hoquiam, Wash.:
Ted Krache knocked out Joe Dunn, six rounds.
27—Tacoma, Wash.:
Tod Morgan beat George Sollis, six rounds.
27—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Jack Zivis beat Joe Jawson, ten rounds.
Jack Husner beat Red Chapman, ten rounds.
Frankie Fasano beat Hilly Levine, ten rounds.
Jimmy Cashill knocked out Davy Jones, four rounds.
Izzy Cooper beat Al Greenberg, four rounds.
27—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Jimmy Ryder beat Charley Picker, eight rounds.
Happy Burns beat Danny Lyons, eight rounds.
Young Diamond beat Eddie Rielly, eight rounds.
Frankie Cronin beat Al Miller, eight rounds.
27—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Sammy Markowitz beat Danny Cohen, ten rounds.
Tony Palmer won on a four from Billy Brown, four rounds.
Joey Silvers beat Jackie Brady, ten rounds.
28—San Francisco, Calif.:
Bud Soules and Jimmy Marcus, four-round draw.
Sunny Jim beat Fred Cullen, four rounds.
Billy Gibbs knocked out Tommy Warner, second round.
Sailor Lee beat Johnny Tillmin, four rounds.
Frankie Smith and Joe Powell, four-round draw.
Harry Wallace beat Young Magsable, four rounds.
Frankie Carter beat Frankie Perry, four rounds.
28—Seattle, Wash.:
Bobby Ward knocked out Freddy Mack, second round.
28—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Joe Benjamin beat Sailor Ashmore, four rounds.
28—Vancouver, B. C.:
Jimmy McLarin beat Mickey Gill, six rounds.
Baby Blue beat Nick Sennick, six rounds.
28—Sacramento, Calif.:
Tommy O'Leary beat Sammy Compagno, four rounds.
28—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Sailor Friedman beat Johnny Clinton, ten rounds.
Irish Johnny Curtin beat Frankie Jerome, ten rounds.
Mike Ballerino beat Mickey Brown, ten rounds.
Harry Felix beat Johnny Kochansky, six rounds.
Sammy Bienfeld beat Murray Layton, four rounds.
28—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Lew Tendler beat Pep O'Brien, ten rounds.
28—Milwaukee, Wis.:
Ernie Goozeman beat Joe Burman, ten rounds.
28—Lorraine, Ohio:
Alex Hart beat Vincent Pokorni, ten rounds.
28—Atlanta, Ga.:
Tiger Flowers beat Sailor Darden, twelve rounds.
28—Fall River, Mass.:
Charley Manty beat Al Shubert, ten rounds.
28—New Orleans, La.:
Anthony Marullo knocked out Steve Choynski, one round.
Young Leonard beat Eibie Moak, ten rounds.
Bobby Higgins beat Jack Herman, four rounds.
29—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Larry Estridge beat Frank Carbone, twelve rounds.
Johnny Lisse beat Joe Scobbie, twelve rounds.
29—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Jack Douglas knocked out Jimmy Flanagan, seven rounds.
Joe Zink and Babe Orlando, eight-round draw.
Willie Landers knocked out Fred Bernard, one round.
29—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club,
Vic Brog beat Harry Galfund, twelve rounds.
Lew Chester knocked out Patsy Iodice, three rounds.
Milton Cohen beat Willie Seuss, six rounds.

JANUARY

1—First Regiment Armory, Newark, N. J.:
Young Stribling beat Dave Rosenberg, twelve rounds.
Harry Martone beat Sailor Darden, ten rounds.
Sparkplug Russell beat Willie Woods, ten rounds.
Frankie Wescott and Johnny Adams, four-round draw.
1—Pioneer Sporting Club, New York City:
Bud Taylor beat Sammy Nable, twelve rounds.
Eddie Brady beat Bobby Garcia, twelve rounds.
Ray Campbell and Al Studdy, six-round draw.
1—Rink Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Kid Williams beat Midget Smith, twelve rounds.
Augie Pisano beat Sid Rabin, six rounds.
Tony Vaccarreli beat Willie Garber, six rounds.
Frankie Albano beat Jackie Gordon, six rounds.
1—Pittsburgh, Pa.:
Pancho Villa beat Tony Norman, ten rounds.
1—Akron, Ohio:
Joe Lynch knocked out Jimmy Murphy, three rounds.
1—Rochester, N. Y.:
Andy Chaney beat Archie Walker, twelve rounds.
1—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Rocky Kansas beat Teddy Meyers, twelve rounds.
1—Nashua, N. H.:
Eddie Shevlin knocked out Frankie Quill, two rounds.
1—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Nate Goldman beat Lew Tendler, ten rounds.
Joe Tiplitz beat Alex Hart, ten rounds.
Pete Sarmeinto beat Tommy Murray, ten rounds.
Sailor Freidmar beat Ray Mitchell, ten rounds.
1—Albany, N. Y.:
Frankie LaFay beat Tommy Noble, twelve rounds.
1—Scranton, Pa.:
Ty Coleman knocked out Matty Dechter, four rounds.
1—Trenton, N. J.:
Joe Reno beat Pat Mills, twelve rounds.
1—Portland, Ore.:
Fred Fulton knocked out George Lamson, two rounds.
1—Lowell, Mass.:
Billy Murphy beat Bud Dempsey, ten rounds.
1—Portland, Me.:
Ted Moore beat Frank Carbone, twelve rounds.
1—Lancaster, Pa.:
Rosey Stoy beat Chick Kansas, ten rounds.
Battling Williard and Billy Angelo, ten-round draw.
1—Cambria A. C., Philadelphia, Pa.:
Ivory Eshelman won on a foul from Mike Schultz, three rounds.
1—Grand Rapids, Mich.
Joe Lohman and Soldier King, twelve-round draw.
1—St. John, N. B.:
Andy (Young) Palmer knocked out Billy Groff, third round.
Irish Kid Williams beat Jack O'Brien, four rounds.
1—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Joey Baker knocked out Billy Pimpus, one round.
1—Vernon, Calif.:
Johnny Reisler beat Oakland Jimmy Dundee, four rounds.
1—Empire A. A., Hoboken, N. J.:
Jackie Feldman beat Wee Wee Burns, ten rounds.
1—Mansfield, Ohio:
Johnny Horvath beat Jack McLean, ten rounds.
1—Reading, Pa.:
Corporal Schwartz beat Mickey Morris, ten rounds.
Emil Paluso beat Indian Russell, ten rounds.
1—Harrisburg, Pa.:
Kid Leonard beat Ralph Repman, three rounds.
1—Columbus, Ohio:
Frankie Callahan knocked out Billy Krimm, ninth round.
Kid Clark knocked out Bobby Evans, second round.
Lou Bloom beat Young Roberts, ten rounds.
Wary Wade won on a foul from Tommy Lewis, third round.
2—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Paul Berlencach knocked out K. O. Jaffe, seven rounds.
Vic McLaughlin knocked out Joe Pledge, seven rounds.
Joe Scogni beat Charley Hahn, ten rounds.
Johnny Liano beat Ivy Hourellion, six rounds.
Sammy Schact beat Jack Jaffe, four rounds.
2—Mariesville, R. I.:
Jack Taylor beat Battling McCreay, twelve rounds.
2—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Patsy Togo beat Benny Pascai, eight rounds.
3—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Young Diamond knocked out Ned Fitzgerald, two rounds.
Jack Rafferty and Bobby Green, eight-round draw.
Joe Zink and Billy Wells, eight-round draw.
Joe Recht and Frankie Cronin, eight-round draw.
3—Fayetteville, N. C.:
Young Stribling knocked out Kid Numbers, four rounds.
3—Hartford, Conn.:
Jimmy Cooney beat Newport Johnny Brown, twelve rounds.
Sammy Bienfeld beat Gus Marino, eight rounds.
4—Madison Square Garden, New York City:
Pal Moran knocked out Johnny Shugrue, five rounds.
Eddie (Kid) Wagner knocked out Sid Terris, six rounds.
Willie Shugrue beat Charley (Kid) Kohler, six rounds.
Hoboken Joe Celmers beat Joe Souza, six rounds.
Johnny Green beat Izzy Cooper, four rounds.
4—Omaha, Neb.:
Joe Lynch beat Earl McArthur, ten rounds.
4—Norwalk, Conn.:
Jack Delaney knocked out Jackie Clark, two rounds.
4—Fall River, Mass.:
Chick Suggs beat Harry Gordon, twelve rounds.
4—New Orleans, La.:
Basil Galiano beat Jimmy Sacco, fifteen rounds.
4—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Tommy Galson beat Leo Reynolds, ten rounds.
5—Commonwealth Sporting Club, New York City:
Jimmy Mendo and Charley Goodman, ten-round draw.
Charley Murray knocked out Marty Powell, one round.
Willie Singer knocked out Manny Hornstein, two rounds.
Carl Courtney and Harry Mulcahy, six-round draw.
Sammy Morgan beat Billy Wiley, four rounds.
5—Ninth Regiment Armory, New York City:
Morris Meola beat Jimmy Gardy, twelve rounds.
Vic Burrone beat Wee Jimmy Collins, eight rounds.
5—Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Joey Silvers beat Dutch Brandt, six rounds.
Joe Glick beat Tony Palmer, six rounds.
Dave Webber knocked out Artie Ryan, two rounds.
Ruby Levine beat Augie Pisano, six rounds.
Joe Malone knocked out Tony Paluso, second round.
Johnny Wasmus and Van Alderman, four-round draw.
7—Lenox Sporting Club, New York City:
Jimmy Kelly won on a foul from K. O. Phil Kaplan, two rounds.
Andy Tucker beat Joe Scappatone, twelve rounds.
Sammy Shack beat Al Dugaro, six rounds.
Nat Goldberg beat Anthony Armandola, four rounds.
7—Indianapolis, Ind.:
Bud Taylor knocked out Johnny Brown, third round.
7—Baltimore, Md.:
Benny Schwartz beat Young Denico, fifteen rounds.
7—Toronto, Canada:
Pete Sarmeinto knocked out Hughey McDonald, two rounds.
7—Manchester, N. H.:
Archie Walker knocked out Jimmy Gavigan, eleventh round.
7—Empire A. A., Hoboken, N. J.:
Frank Yarchan and Ray Neuman, eight-round draw.
7—Buffalo, N. Y.:
Battling Siki knocked out Tony Stabenau, second round.
7—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Johnny Reisler beat Young McGovern, four rounds.
7—Lynn, Mass.:
Johnny Sheppard beat Phil O'Dowd, ten rounds.
7—Detroit, Mich.:
Clarence Rosen beat Patsy Wallace, ten rounds.
7—Columbus, Ohio:
Tut Jackson won from Jack Taylor, six rounds.

SID BARBARIAN PROTESTS

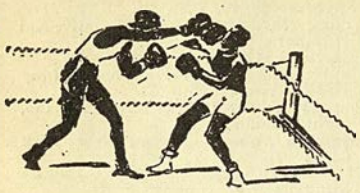
Sid Barbarian, crack lightweight of Detroit, sends a letter of protest in which he denies that he was beaten by Johnny Dundee in their recent contest. Sid offers evidence to support his claim in the form of seven newspaper articles all of which award the verdict to him.

WHEN IN CHICAGO

All out of town boxers are invited to train at **Ferretti's Loop Gymnasium** free of charge.

Sanitary, with daylight and fresh air, four large skylights and twenty windows, two handball courts.

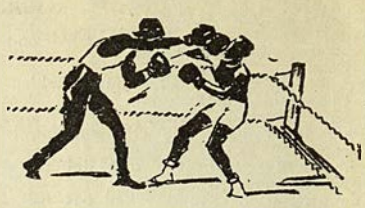
175 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill. Phone Franklin 3041



As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor of THE RING



WE ENTER OUR THIRD YEAR

WITH this issue THE RING enters upon the third year of its existence.

Three crowded years, crowned by ever-growing success in a field in which it is a joy to labor!

And this year holds forth more promise than did either of its predecessors.

Three things made for this great success of THE RING—and the success of THE RING is but a reflection of the success and progress of boxing the world over.

Determination to fight for the progress of boxing.

Determination to keep clean the field of boxing.

The Public, the readers of THE RING.

For this new year we hope for the greater growth of boxing, for then shall we also continue to grow.

To those who helped us succeed, we offer our sincerest thanks.

To our subscribers, who grow in number with each issue, we acknowledge our heartiest appreciation.

We trust they will continue as subscribers this year and we in turn shall continue to serve them to the best of our ability.

* * *

ATTACKS ON BOXING

ANTAGONISTS of boxing in the State of New York have started their annual warfare against the red blooded man's sport.

The hue and cry, "Down With Boxing," again permeates the air.

The Law and Order Society and the New York Civic League, taking advantage of the fact that there are enemies of boxing within its own ranks; unscrupulous promoters, slimy politicians, and "dead beats" who find themselves out in the cold in the matter of obtaining Annie Oakleys, have combined in an effort to obtain the repeal of the Walker Law.

Tex Rickard, world famous promoter, the man who has done more for boxing in America than any other ten men combined, is assailed by the "sorehead" politician, whose sole grievance seems to be that Rickard, an outsider, has come into New York and made thousands of dollars, which, according to their way of thinking, rightfully belongs to themselves.

Statements that collusion exists between those in charge of big bouts and speculators, are made haphazardly without the least proof on the part of the scandal mongers that such a condition does exist.

* * *

TRIED BEFORE BUT WITHOUT AVAIL

THE move to oust Tex Rickard or kill boxing has been tried before, but without avail. We hold no brief for Mr. Rickard nor for any otner promoter of boxing. We are independent and express our opinion without regard to race, color or creed or political ties.

Our aim from the start has been to uplift boxing, to protect it from the assaults of just such persons as are now endeavoring to kill the game. To assail the vicious element in boxing and to protect the public by exposing the misdeeds of the unscrupulous.

Hence, our reason for coming to the defense of Tex Rickard, the maker of champions, the man whose keen foresight, whose wonderful business acumen, whose staunch support of boxing even during its most trying moments, saved the sport from dying a natural death.

Boxing is the sport of the red-blooded man. It enabled the American doughboy to march triumphantly over the Huns and bring to an end the bloody world war. We like it because we have been brought up to admire anything that requires aggressiveness. We do not take up the cudgels for Tex Rickard because of our friendship for him, but because in our policy of fighting for the right, we feel it is most unjust to attack the Garden promoter simply because he is an outsider, a man who came here from the West, settled among us, and showed our own promoters how to handle the fight game. We would do likewise for any other promoter who did as much for boxing as Tex Rickard, and was assailed without justification by those who sought to curb his power, to cut his wings and drive him from the sport.

* * *

WHAT IS THE REASON?

WHY anyone should attack Tex Rickard for the wrongs committed in the name of boxing, when the faults lie elsewhere, is something that still has to be answered. Other New York promoters had the same opportunities as did Tex Rickard, but they fumbled, and failed miserably. Should success mean banishment, according to the modern politician's code of sportsmanship? Just so quickly as Tex Rickard is banished from boxing, so quickly will boxing meet its death. Not that Tex Rickard is indispensible to the sport, no more than is any one individual necessary to the rotation of the globe. But when the general public, the people who pay the freight come to realize that politicians can twist a law about their fingers to the end that such law meets their own greedy object, public interest in boxing will become nil and with the falling off in interest will come the death of the sport.

* * *

NEEDS NO DEFENSE

BOXING needs no defense. There is nothing wrong with the sport as now conducted. Let the politicians keep their hands off and boxing will continue to flourish as it did last year.

Let all who have the interest of the manly art at stake arise as one body and protect boxing from the attacks now centered upon it. Let the politicians fight their battles, we care not where, but lest they forget, the thousands of fight fans who love their sport, must remind them that they must keep their hands off. Let us remind them, that all who vote to take away from us the manly art, will suffer the consequences at the next election.

* * *

ITS HELP TO CHARITY

IN conclusion, the politicians at Albany should not lose sight of one very important point, to wit, that boxing has done more for charity than any single sport or of all sports combined. Through one big show, to mention no others, milk for poor children was supplied at hundreds of stations throughout the congested districts of New York City.

Politicians might ask some poor mother what she thinks of boxing!

But that is not all. Crippled war veterans have had their terrible hours lightened by the funds secured through boxing contests staged for them. And, finally, bear this in mind, and the figures easily will prove the statement:

The tax received by New York State from boxing in Madison Square Garden alone has been more than have

the net profits of Mr. Rickard and his associates in the Garden boxing enterprise. We have examined the books and know this to be so.

* * *

CRIQUI, A MAN OF HONOR.

FATE! How Eugene Criqui must contemplate the unkind hand that has fallen upon him. To keep his word, not once, but twice, Criqui has lost two pugilistic titles!

After he had beaten Johnny Kilbane and had thus won the world's featherweight crown, he kept his pledge to meet Johnny Dundee before returning to France or before capitalizing his title against the lesser fry. And he lost to Dundee.

Hurrying to France, Criqui again kept a pledge, to box for a charity fund that was to supply money to the needy children of France. He was not in condition. He needed a long rest, but he had given his word and he did not hesitate.

As a result, in his charity bout, he was injured. So bad was this injury that he could not, in accordance with the rules of the French Boxing Federation, defend his title of European featherweight champion at a specified date.

The Federation declared his title open and on Tuesday, December 18, the title was put at stake between Edouard Mascart of France, and Henri Hebrans, of Belgium. Mascart won the bout, fought at Paris, and became the European featherweight title bearer.

But this indomitable Frenchman has at last come to the spot where he cannot longer continue. Fate, the selfishness of mankind, the inescapable demands of nature have won the day. He has, he declares, given up hope of longer continuing in the ring. That is the world's loss as well as Eugene's. We should all feel a little ashamed at our judgment of what is sportsmanship. And without saying we all feel a keen sorrow for the gallant fellow.

Criqui, the man who could keep his word, loses two titles because of his belief that a man's word is inviolate. Pretty hard for the little Poilu, the man with the made-over face, the courageous heart. How fate has repaid him!

* * *

ONLY A TEMPORARY SETBACK

LUIS VICENTINI, champion lightweight of South America, met defeat at the hands of Johnny Shugrue in Madison Square Garden last month, and immediately those who are becoming alarmed over the rapid rise of foreign boxers and the possibility that within a decade America may lose its hold upon the world's championships, cut loose with the familiar phrase "I told you so."

To us, the defeat of Vicentini was recorded only in the light of a temporary setback. We feel that the Chilean did nobly against a terrific hitter, game fighter, and a boxer well versed in all the elements of the sport. The defeat, instead of discouraging Vicentini and his followers, should bolster their hopes that in this South American battler fistiana has a boxer who, some day, may rise to the heights attained by Benny Leonard. Vicentini needed just such a temporary setback as Shugrue handed him.

He needed it for two reasons. First because those who saw the prospects of a big gate for a bout between the South American and several of America's top notchers were pushing Luis along a wee bit too rapidly, and secondly, because in defeat, Luis picked up more pointers on boxing than he ever would have gained, were he to have been declared the winner

Defeat ofttimes is a blessing in disguise and in the case of Vicentini, who has received a hurry call to return to Chili, in our opinion, it will be the means for his development into a champion or near champion.

Luis's lack of experience was glaringly illustrated in his bout with Shugrue and with proper coaching, there isn't a lightweight in America today, who, a year from now, will be able to take Vicentini's measure.

HUE AND CRY OF BOXING PATRONS.

RECENT decisions in important bouts held in New York City have left a dark brown taste in the mouths of thousands of fans and criticism of the New York State Boxing Commission has resulted, quite naturally. The decision rendered by two judges in the clash between Johnny Dundee and Jack Bernstein in Madison Square Garden on December 17, left the fans and a majority of the sporting writers in the metropolis in a bad frame of mind.

Many see the handwriting on the wall and declare the end of boxing in the Empire State is not far off. That, however, is the extremist's, the pessimist's view. The Walker law has functioned too well over too long a period to be so easily cast aside. But the cries against the decisions, the consequent cries against the Boxing Commission can do no good for the game. Something must be done to eliminate these bad verdicts. What that something is is a problem for the Commission; but we do not think it is too big a problem for that body.

For our part we disagree with a suggestion often made and in this case repeated with much gusto, to wit: That one-man decisions should replace the decisions of the referee and two judges. We can not see that that method would produce any better results than the system now in vogue. It is just as easy for one man to be mistaken as two men; just as easy, if not easier, to corrupt one man as to corrupt two men.

* * *

MUST SOLVE GRAVE PROBLEM

THE New York State Boxing Board has been confronted with a number of serious problems since organized, and in most cases, has found a good solution. True, the commission has to date accomplished nothing in the way of eradicating the primary evils, situations which have brought to the members of this body heaps of abuse, considerable adverse criticism and charges of favoritism, still we have faith in its members. We believe that if they go to the root of the evil of the present system of rendering decisions, they will find that with one stroke of the pen they will reassure the patrons of the sport and bring back confidence among those who pay the freight. They would rather see boxing killed in New York than have such decisions rendered as that which gave Dundee the junior lightweight championship.

We are a staunch supporter of Dundee, have closely followed him from the time he fought his first battle almost fourteen years ago, have always boosted his stock because of our admiration for him as a fighter, have always pointed with pride to him as being a credit to boxing, but in following the plans laid down in our initial number of THE RING two years ago, we find it necessary, from an unbiased point of view, to strongly condemn the action of the judges whose verdict has caused such widespread discussion. But in this discussion, let us always remember that in no form can Dundee be regarded as a party to the decision. It was not for him to decline to accept Bernstein's title even if he felt Bernstein had won. Dundee firmly believed he was entitled to the verdict and in doing so, he was simply following human nature.

* * *

CROOKEDNESS AND INCOMPETENCY.

THE RING stands for all that is honest in boxing, and when we hear fight fans throughout the city condemn the sport in New York as being crooked, we must rise to remark that there is a vast difference between crookedness and incompetency.

From our knowledge of the fight game in New York, we feel certain that no more honest a body of men could be obtained to handle a sport than those associated with Mr. William Muldoon. True, at least seven "raw" decisions have been rendered in the Empire State in the past three months, decisions that in our opinion, were simply abominable. But, shall we condemn a sport, and

shall we condemn an entire boxing commission, and shall we point with a finger of suspicion on those in charge of the arena where the bouts are staged simply because several incompetent officials have been appointed to judge bouts?

* * *

HONESTY THE BACKBONE OF SPORT.

HONESTY is the backbone of sport. Let dishonesty creep into any sport, and the death knell of that sport is sounded. Hence, for the good name of boxmg, let us not use the term dishonest and crooked every time a decision fails to please the patrons of boxing.

We are among those, who despite our personal admiration for Johnny Dundee, feel as did thousands of other fight fans, that Bernstein should have been declared the winner of his bout with the featherweight champion. We gave to Johnny Dundee three rounds and credited two as even and the remainder to Bernstein.

But, because of our difference of opinion with the judges, Eddie Becker and "Harlem" Tommy Murphy, we see no reason for calling these two judges dishonest.

Too many of us confuse the word dishonesty with incompetency. The Boxing Commission need go no further than to weed out from its politically appointed or politically backed judges, those who are incompetent and boxing in New York State will enjoy the greatest prosperity the sport has ever enjoyed anywhere.

* * *

"DEAD HEADS" AS JUDGES.

THE trouble with our present system under the New York State Boxing Commission is that too many former boxers, too many dead-head sports, too many political hangers-on have to be taken care of, with the result that competent officials, men who have spent many years of their life refereeing boxing and other sporting events, are left in the background while important assignments are handed over to the politicians or to one-time star boxers.

It is the writer's contention, from years of experience as a sporting reporter and a sporting editor on Metropolitan dailies that the last man who should be appointed to judge a boxing bout is a former boxer.

Why? Because as a rule he can see only those who fight in the style he was accustomed to.

Because in the major portion of cases, the men appointed are not of the high type of Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, but men to whom the boxing world wants to be charitable because these men need financial aid.

Finally, because most of the boxers serving as judges under the present commission in New York are not capable of concentrating hence are unfit for a post which requires considerable concentration.

One of the poorest judges of boxing is the great Jim Corbett, yet Gentleman Jim, as a fighter and boxer, at one time ranked supreme.

* * *

PRACTICE CHARITY OUTSIDE THE RING.

LET us be charitable and help the one time boxers who need our help, but not at the expense of the boxing game. A continuation of the appointment of all former fighters who are politically recommended for the job, or all politicians who are eager to see their names in print, will mean the elimination of boxing.

Let us save the sport by cleansing house. Do away with the hangers-on, the cheap politicians and appoint only such men as are able to pass the proper test as an expert judge of boxing. There are hundreds who would be glad to serve even without recompense were the opportunity given them.

This is our solution of a grave problem, a problem, which, if but properly handled, will cause the repeal of the Walker Law in New York State and in all probability in many other states where legislation is patterned after this law.

The surest way to drive all champions from New York, is to continue the system now in vogue in the Empire State. After what we have seen in the judging of at least five international fights here, we feel that we cannot blame a champion for ducking the issue in New York. A champion, above all other fighters, is entitled to every protection the state can give him and unless he feels he is certain to receive fair treatment, he is warranted in refusing to fight under the Walker Law regardless of the consequences.

* * *

IN RE GREB-TUNNEY FIGHT

WHILE on the subject of the popular cry against recent decisions in Garden championship fights, we might bring up the recent Greb-Tunney return bout. In this contest, a bout that was bitterly fought, Tunney received the unanimous verdict, and according to the ringside experts, who, as a rule, are pretty good judges of fights and fighters, there could have been no other decision rendered. Only two sports writers out of thirty-six gave the bout to Greb, the same proportion which voted for Dundee and Bernstein in their contest, yet the supporters of Greb emitted a howl that could be heard for blocks around the Garden when it was announced by Joe Humphries that Tunney won.

So long as boxing exists, mob rule among the supporters of popular fighters will exist and so long as biased opinions are voiced, will there be a condemnation of the proceedings by which one boxer receives the decision over another. Our sporting experience has taught us that at no time can one satisfy every person. It is differences of opinion that make sport so interesting and fascinating. We expect to have the patrons of the sport voice their opinion on fights, but we trust that some of the rabid fans will learn to argue from an unbiased point of view.

* * *

BOXING WORLD MOURNS BILLY MISKE'S DEATH

BILLY MISKE has passed away and in his death pugilism has lost a stout-hearted, fearless and good-natured boxer. The boxing world will remember Billy Miske best as a light-heavyweight who came close to being not only the crown bearer in that division, but the heavyweight champion, too. The fans the country over will remember Billy for his laughing face and his fighting heart.

Those who were very close to the dead fighter will remember him for one of the gamest and one of the most unfortunate men in the annals of the ring. Miske, starting at eighteen years of age, forged to the front, became a leading ringman and made a comfortable fortune.

An unfortunate investment and the earnings of years of hard work in the squared circle were swept away. Miske was broke. Then came the inroads of a devastating disease. Doctors warned Billy to quit fighting. He did, but, having been raised to know no other means of making a living, Miske must needs, in the face of dire circumstances, turn to the one thing he knew though he knew continuance in that thing meant his untimely ending.

With the rare courage that was his, with the laughing smile that he wore into his toughest combats, Miske started out to recoup his fortune. It was a grim race against death, but only Miske realized this to its fullest extent. A race to provide for the mother and their three children.

The irony of it was that he had lived a clean, honorable life, had saved his money in a frugal way and had lost wealth and health through the adversity of fate and not through any misdeeds. Here was a fighter who did not squander his earnings nor his gifts of nature. Unlike others of the profession who have passed on, shrouded in shadows, Miske lived up to the best ideals and died a victim of a seemingly cruel fate.

The world loves a brave man and hence loved Miske. May his soul rest in peace.

Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

CHARLEY WHITE, Chicago demonstrator of the left hook, made his re-entry into the squared circle with pronounced success by vanquishing his old rival, Bobby Barrett of Philadelphia, in the sixth round of a ten round affair at Philly a few weeks ago. It was a hammer and tongs affair for the first five rounds with honors about evenly distributed. Coming out for the sixth, White delivered one of his notorious left hooks on Barrett's chin, and as Bobby tried to pull back to avoid the blow he wrenched his spine and was forced to quit.

Sammy Mandell, the Rockford Flash, and Sid Terris, the East Side speedster, engaged in the long-looked-for duel in the semi-final to the Dundee-Bernstein scrap in the Garden on December 17. This affair overshadowed the feature go in the way of action, and the draw decision met with adverse comment on both sides. Terris' friends declare that Sidney won the first seven rounds, while Sammy's admirers maintain that Terris was a lucky boy to go the full distance. At any rate the bout was a corker for action and science.

The above two are rivals in the Junior lightweight class, and despite the fact that they are only youngsters, could step into the ring against the best in their division.

Izzy Cooper is the newest idol of the boxing fans of the west side. Cooper has only been boxing a short time but has displayed an indomitable and unconquerable fighting spirit that should carry him far. He is called a "second Willie Jackson" and his style is a reminder of the once late terror of the lightweight division.

The decision handed down in the recent Bernstein-Dundee bout is still the favorite subject of conversation among the fistic elite in the metropolitan city.

Johnny Clinton, the veteran east side lightweight, has undertaken the responsibility of assuming the worries of a little amateur who is entering the professional ranks. Archie Bell, the youngster in question, is a flyweight with a mighty good future if he decides to combat the money-makers with true sincerity. Artie Rose is training the newcomer arduously.

One of the most desperate and vicious encounters ever witnessed around these parts was staged between Frankie Fasano and Hilly Levine, in their recent ten round swatfest at the Pioneer Sporting Club.

Fasano, who has done the majority of his battling around the smaller clubs, was comparatively unknown, and was conceded very little chance against the lad who has withstood Carl Tremaine, Joe Burman, Ernie Gooseman, and Eddie Anderson.

More action was crowded into their melee than is witnessed in fifty rounds of ordinary scrapping, and had the crowd in a frenzy throughout the entire fuss. Hilly floored Frank in the opening round for a nine count, and from then on Fasano fought like an infuriated tiger and knocked Levine down on three separate occasions. Fasano copped the verdict but a return match would not go amiss.

Jimmy Casgill, who was brought here from St. Paul by ex-middleweight champion, Mike O'Dowd, has shown in his boxing that he possesses an aptitude to adopt the style once made famous by Mike Gibbons. Jimmy has class in abundance, and in addition to displaying a good left hand, boasts of a knockout wallop in his other mitt. He has scored three knockouts in four bouts here, winning the other easily on points.

Joe Metranga, New Orleans lightweight, who has been making New York his abode for the past year, and in that length of time has only fought once, is discouraged enough to the point where he is ready to leave for his native city. Joe is ranked only second to Pal Moran down South, and his record entitles him to more favorable consideration.

Dave McGill, Heavyweight Champion of Ireland, who arrived here with Roland Todd, England's middleweight champion, achieved prominence overnight when he disposed of Sailor Tom Maxsted, in four rounds in Madison Square Garden. This was Dave's debut on American territory, and judging by the impressive manner in which he registered the victory, he will find plenty of bouts to keep him busy.

Harry Carlson, the crack Boston lightweight, is still around town looking for fistic engagements. Carlson comes here with a well established record and his entrance in our city has caused many of the leading lights to creep into their shell. John Cicio and Frankie Callahan, once a first-rate lightweight, are handling his affairs.

Harry Felix, another graduate of the amateur ranks, reveals the making of an embryo champion in every start. Has engaged in six pro bouts, beating the hard hitting Harry Mulcahy, and Johnny Kochansky in his last two trials.

Kochansky, another former amateur, heretofore had never lost a decision, and only succumbed to the clever Felix after a hard fight.

Roland Todd, reputed to be England's cleverest exponent in the manly art since the days of Freddy Welsh, lost the decision to Tommy Loughran of Phila., in the twelve round semi-final to the Greb-Tunney fracas. Although Roland was defeated, he was not disgraced, because he gave away ten pounds in weight to one of the best light-heavyweights of America, who had only beaten Harry Greb, to a referee's decision three weeks previously.

Charley Baker, who manages the affairs of Paul Fargo, a dangerous and hard punching southpaw, has assumed the management of Charley Delacarti of the East Side. Charley is a bantamweight with an aggressive style of milling, and his new tutor, should keep him busily supplied with pugilistic engagements.

Izzy Schwartz, the gallant little Corporal from the East Side, is progressing along the pugilistic highway with marked success. In his last four round battles he has beaten Babe Willard, Joe Jackson, and after being held to a draw by Bobby Ruttenberg in Reading, Ruttenberg's home town, Schwartz took Bobby into camp in a twelve round contest at the Broadway Exhibition Association of Brooklyn.

Jack Zivic, the lightweight member of the fighting Zivic Bros., gained an easy verdict over Joe Jawson, the iron-jawed mittster from Milwaukee, in their ten round go at the Pioneer Club. Zivic was all over his slower opponent from the first round on, and all that Jawson had to recommend him was an amazing ability to absorb punishment.

The writer wishes to inform the entire fistic populace at large that he has severed business relations with Sammy Bienfeld, the East Side flyweight, whom he formerly managed. He has turned him over into the more capable hands of John L. (Ike) Dorgan, who vows that he will make a champion of him. No one wishes him more success than yours truly, and sincerely hopes that Bienfeld will prosper more in the future than he has in the past.

The first bout that Sammy Bienfeld participated in under the regime of Dorgan, resulted in a victory for him over Murray Layton, an east side rival. They staged their duel in Madison Square Garden, and after a terrific encounter Sammy was returned the winner.

Lew Raymond, "the Little Napoleon" of the boxing game, who put Long Island City on the map this past summer by arranging such splendid matches for the Queensboro Stadium, has started preparations for the New Year. He announces that the new open air arena will be enlarged to seat 25,000 persons comfortably, and the class of contests that he will stage will be beyond parallel. The success that Lew had with the club last season is beyond compare, and his efforts have spurred him onwards towards an almost impossible goal. Watch him!

Mike Valentine, manager of Joe Scappatone, Bronx lightweight who the other night defeated Harry Sutton, the Army champion, is eager to start his protege with any of the leading 135 pounders. Mike states that he prefers such men as Sammy Vogel, Jimmy Goodrich or Ray Pryel.

Tony Palmer is the latest idol of the Mulbery Bend fans. Palmer's latest victory was scored a few nights ago at the Rink Arena, when Tony was declared the winner on a foul in the fourth round over Billy Brown. Palmer was handing Brown a bad lacing when the latter fouled to save himself.

Joey Ross, Mulberry Bend flyweight, who has just received his license from the Boxing Commission, is keen about tangling with Henry Catena, Corporal Izzy Schwartz, and the other leading midgets in these parts.

The serious illness of Eddie Burnbrook's mother is proving costly to the army welterweight champion. Eddie does not intend boxing during his mother's illness, and to date no less than nine offers for bouts have been declined by Burnbrook's managers, Jimmie Bronson and Lou Brown.

JAECKLE STOPS NOVECKY

Sam Jordan, of Toledo, writes to inform us that through an error we have credited Novecky with a victory over K. O. Jaeckle, when our item should have stated that Jaeckle stopped Novecky, who was unable to continue.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN
(The North American)

Lew Tendler, Philadelphia's noted southpaw lightweight, is fighting in good form as was shown by his recent bouts against "Pep" O'Brien in Scranton and Nate Goldman in the Quaker City. Tendler virtually knocked out O'Brien, but the referee allowed the bout to go the limit.

Pete Moran no longer has Bobby Wolgast, the Atlantic City fighter in his stable. They split recently after Moran brought Bobby to a high pin-

nacle in the bantamweight class. Wolgast is now under the management of Coster.

Max (Bee Bee) Hoff has made another fine addition to his stable in the person of Billy Ryan, the Cincinnati welterweight, who will take up his residence in Philadelphia. Ryan sprang into fame some years ago when he knocked down Jack Britton, who was then the world's welter champion.

Alex Hart, the former Lorain, Ohio, lightweight, who makes his home in Clifton Heights, has mapped out a busy winter campaign, under the management of Jimmy Daugherty. Hart invaded the mid-west over the Christmas holidays and beat Vincent Pekerini in Lorain. The latter had a long knockout record before Hart halted his winning streak.

Pedro Campo, the Filipino fighter, who has made good in his bouts in Philadelphia and Reading rings, continues to please. In his Christmas Day bout with Lew (Kid) Lewis, at the Adelphia, Campo looked good.

Ad Stone, Max Hoff's sensational light heavyweight, continues to pile up victories. After beating Billy Shade in New York, Stone took on Dan O'Dowd, the Boston heavyweight a few days later and stopped him in the eighth round when the latter's seconds threw a towel in the ring. Hoff has been swamped with offers for Stone from all parts of the country.

Hughie Clements, the new heavyweight picked up by Phil Glassman, is a wicked hitter, and will probably make trouble for a lot of the big boys this winter.

Harry Lenny, a former Philadelphian, is managing Archie Walker, the ex-amateur lightweight champion.

Although it is against the McBride boxing law in Pennsylvania to bet on bouts, Referee Frank (Pop) O'Brien who officiated at the recent Tendler-O'Brien bout in Scranton, claims that there was a tremendous amount of wagering. The McBride law provides for one year imprisonment and a fine of $1000 for any one betting on a boxing bout.

Artie McCann, who recently returned from a trip to Florida, is training at Jack O'Brien's gymnasium and will be seen in a number of bouts in Philadelphia rings in the next few months.

Sam Robideau, who occupied a prominent place in Philadelphia ring activities some years ago, is now in California appearing in the four round bouts. He recently knocked out Dick Wallace in the first round.

Charley De Angelo of Trenton has a promising lad in Danny Cooney. De Angelo also has Willie Harvey and Joe Rene in his stable.

Although he met with a painful accident in his recent bout with Charley White, Bobby Barrett, the hard luck fighter of Clifton Heights, plans to get back in action before long. His shoulder was dislocated and the muscles in his back sprained.

Darby Smith, a clever 110 pounder, has made a favorable impression in the amateur ranks in Phillie. Preston Smith is looking after him.

W. Freeland Kendrick, the new mayor of Philadelphia, will have as his personal body guard, Harry Ramsey, a former well known middlewight fighter, who has been on the Philadelphia police force for some years.

George Siddons has recently returned from a boxing tour of the Pacific Coast where he won six bouts and got two draws.

Manager Max Hoff has received many offers for Bud Christiano, his hard working lightweight, who scored a victory over Harry (Kid) Brown at the Arena on Christmas Day. Al Gordon and Eddie (Kid) Wagner also in the Hoff stable, are also in demand.

Ray Sharkey, Philadelphia crack featherweight boxer is on the trail of the featherweight champion, Johnny Dundee, and is working his way gradually but sure. Sharkey has boxed some of the leading bantams and featherweights of the country, including "Eddie (Kid) Wagner" of Philadelphia. Sharkey is just a lad of 18 years and has boxed 26 bouts without suffering a defeat. He is being handled by Billy Moore, former featherweight pug and is open for competition.

NEWS FROM THE CENTRAL WEST

By HAROLD WALSH

After having the lid clamped on a year the boxing game opened New Year at Akron with Joe Lynch, world's bantamweight champion, knocking out Jimmy Murphy of St. Louis in three rounds. Murphy gave a sorry exhibition and the game received a black eye at the very outset. Lynch was in wonderful condition and tried to make it a fight. Joey made a big hit with the 2,500 fans who witnessed the bout and they would like to see him back again with a tougher opponent. Lynch was accompanied to Akron by Eddie Meade and Connie McCarthy.

The Newsboys Club at Akron has secured a permit for boxing.

The ban will be lifted in Cleveland February 1 and it is a sure go that Tommy McGinty will stage the first show there in the Public Auditorium which seats 12,000 people. McGinty may use Joe Lynch against Jack Wolfe in the opener. McGinty manages the veteran Wolfe who defeated Lynch in a 15-round bout at Madison Square Garden a year ago.

Down in Florida, Norm Genet, the sensational Akron 150 pounder, won another bout when he took Jack Middleton of Jacksonville, Fla., into camp easily in a ten round bout at Palm Beach. Genet took every round over Middleton who is a light heavyweight and out-weighed the little Frenchman by seventeen pounds.

Critics who have seen Genet in action in his Florida contests declare that he is the best boxer out of the North to display his wares in Florida and they declare that he is a "champion in the making." Genet expects to return home to Akron March 1 and then hopes to secure an engagement in Madison Square Garden with Rocky Smith, Dave Rosenberg or anyone in the East at 150-155 pounds.

Bryan Downey, one of the greatest fighters who ever came out of the west has announced his retirement from the ring. The death of his baby girl followed by a bad beating in Pittsburgh in a championship fight with Harry Greb, lead Bryan to this decision. Bryan has been boxing nine years and is twenty-seven years old. He had a claim on the middleweight title by knocking out Johnny Wilson in seven rounds in Cleveland, but Wilson carried his own imported referee along, Jimmy Gardner, who ruled that Bryan hit Wilson while Johnny was on the floor. Gardner gave Wilson the bout on an alleged foul but the Cleveland boxing commission awarded Downey the fight by knockout. Bryan was recognized by many of the commissions throughout the country as champion until he lost a decision to Jock Malone at Columbus.

Harry Krohn, Akron light heavyweight and veteran of many a hard fought ring battle keeps battling on. He recently knocked out Tommy Marvin in five rounds at Palm Beach, Fla., and then gave Young Stribling a tough fight in twelve at Miami. Krohn gets beaten more often than he wins but win or lose, he always gives the fans a real fight and promoters never make a mistake booking this fellow.

Tommy McGinty has a classy welterweight in Vincent Pokorni. Pokorni quit the game three years ago owing to illness but came back a year ago under McGinty and has won fights galore since then. He weighs 142 pounds. The other night in Lorain he lost the verdict to Alex Hart in a hard fought ten round bout. Hart proved to be a little too clever for Vince.

Tom Lennon, who for the past year has been staging all the boxing shows in Canton, has revived the game there and is attracting good crowds to all his shows. Willie Ames, Bernie Strapp's classy 130-pounder, is the big idol in Canton now having defeated Johnny Horvath, Tod Smith and Johnny Michaels, in three starts there and Lennon is trying to line up Dundee for Ames. Lennon also pilots a stable of boxers of all weights.

Al Ziemer, for four years sparring partner to Johnny Kilbane, is now under Tommy McGinty. Ziemer, who is about the cleverest bantamweight in the Middle West, has had little opportunity to display his wares in the past, but McGinty can get plenty of work for him. Al has boxed several times in the East, on the last occasion defeating Hilly Levine in six rounds at the Polo Grounds.

NOTES FROM BELOW THE RIO GRANDE

By DON CEE

Jack Rivers, who in the past has won so many bouts in California and who lays claim to the middleweight and light heavyweight championship of South America, is a fighter who can double in brass and get by in more ways than one. After being dodged out of a match in California by Bert Colima, Rivers accepted a contract from the Fox movie company to take a part in the filming of the "Warrens of Virginia," which picture was shot in and around San Antonio, Texas. Now that the film contract has expired for Rivers, he is again looking for work and claims he will be in condition within a month to take on the best in the middleweight division.

Rivers lays claim to having started Firpo in the fight game and shows photos taken in the Firpo training camp. He has had in the neighborhood of two hundred and fifty fights with many of them being finished battles down in Mexico and the Argentine. His longest finish fight was in Mexico against Larrauri, which lasted fifty-three rounds, but he later stopped Larrauri in seven rounds. Among River's good American opponents, he numbers Happy Howard, Jack Palmer and Jock Malone, he also fought the Dixie Kid in Canada. Rivers is now on a visit to Monterey, Mexico, where he was born and brought up.

Tampico, Mexico, promoters are after the services of Jack Fowler and Frankie McFarland to appear in a Tampico arena during the month of February. Both McFarland and Fowler are at present in Monterrey to take part in fifteen round fights they have scheduled.

Arellio Cavozoz, of Nuevo Laredo, one of the squarest men who ever promoted a fight show, has been rewarded for his perseverance in good business and honesty and is now the mayor elect of the thriving border city of his home, Nuevo Laredo, Mexico. Senor Cavozoz has a government option on boxing in Nuevo Laredo which has many months to run before expiration, so he has turned all promoting

enterprises over to his friend, Gregorio Gonzales of San Antonio, who in turn has formed a combination with Don Curley of the same city. As Senor Gonzales has a lease on the Nuevo Laredo bull ring and his father-in-law, Senor Serrano is the manager of the only suitable indoor location to hold bouts, the New Mexicana Theatre, it can be stated with authority, that all future boxing in the City of Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, will be under the supervision of the Curley-Gonzales combination.

The Compania De Espectaculos, a large combination of promoters putting on large boxing shows throughout the Republic of Mexico, get all their boxers or have them guaranteed through the International Athletic Booking Agency, of San Antonio, Texas, operated by Don Curley and Gregorio Gonzales. San Antonio is only 150 miles from Nuevo Laredo, Mexico, where there is a direct train route running to all parts of the Republic.

MICHIGAN BOXING NOTES
By BEN L. POLLINGER

The boxing fraternity around Michigan was thrown into a panic December 29 when State Boxing Commissioner Louis W. Plies handed down an edict barring Battling Siki from boxing in this state.

Plies said he would allow no mixed bouts in Michigan "for the good of the sport." The barring of Siki was an eleventh hour move and fell like a bomb shell. Plies also announced he would bar Siki from appearing in exhibition bouts in the state. Levy threatened to bring suit against Plies. Siki was scheduled to fight in Detroit also on the condition that he made a creditable showing in the Lohman scrap.

Last minute efforts were made by the leading sportsmen of this state to lift the ban on Siki but it was to no avail as Plies stuck to his edict. Manager Levy claims that calling off of the match cost him several thousand dollars in Siki's fare from New York, training expenses and hotel quarters. At the fight which Siki attended Plies would not permit him to be introduced from the ring.

Soldier King was substituted for Siki. King made a fine showing, fighting Lohman to a ten round draw. This was the main bout in the Grand Rapids Olympic Club boxing card.

For the last five rounds King managed to get in some hard wallops. He demonstrated that he packs a hard punch in either mitt. On the whole the battle was well worth the money although Siki did not appear on the card. Siki and his manager watched the fight rom the ring side.

Before a packed arena of boxing fans Sid Barbarian, Michigan lightweight champion, sprang a surprise when he defeated Johnny Dundee, featherweight champion of the world in a ten round bout.

Barbarian took nine of the ten rounds with Dundee having the better of the second session. Sid's southpaw style was too much for the Scotch-wop to solve. The Detroiter landed more blows in one round than did the champion who used his famous bouncing tactics. This did not bother Barbarian who was shifty at all times during the hectic battle.

In the fourth and fifth rounds which went to Barbarian he landed several hard blows to the body and face, but the rugged Dundee withstood the punishment in a good way not being in danger.

The fifth and sixth sessions went to Sid as he was doing the leading, landing the more effective blows. The seventh and eighth rounds were fast and furious, the fans seeing plenty of hard socking in these two sessions. The last two stanzas were filled with action, both men fighting in the center of the ring. The fans were well pleased with the bout which was one of the best yet fought in Detroit.

Word was received in Michigan January 1 that Billy Miske of Minneapolis died in that city of Bright's disease. With this sad news Michigan boxing followers recall the day when he fought Jack Dempsey in Benton Harbor on Labor Day, 1920.

This writer wishes to express deep sorrow in the passing of a real sport and square fighter, the best the ring has ever known.

In the main bout of the Elks' monthly boxing show Clarence Rosen, of Bay City fought a fast ten round draw with Henry Lenard of Chicago.

The fight was well fought, both boys putting up a lively battle. In the fourth round Lenard was down for the count of nine. It was a slashing battle that was well worth the money of the boxing fans.

"Kid" Buck of Battle Creek defeated Barney Snyder of Boston in a ten round bout held in the Food City December 24.

Buck, from the start, had the better of the bout. Buck showed beyond a doubt he was the master of the Eastern lad who fought a fine battle. Kid Buck is regarded as one of the best bantamweights in Michigan, having fought some of the best boys in that division.

Johnny Dundee, world's featherweight champion, went back to New York minus $300. He was fined this amount by State Boxing Commissioner Plies for not being on the scene of the bout 72 hours in advance of the scrap. The $300 was given to the Mariner's Church Mission by Plies.

On an all-star boxing card embracing many stars of the roped arena, Frankie Genaro, American flyweight champion, defeated Jack Clifford in a ten round bout.

Clifford substituted for Howard Mayberry. For the first five rounds Clifford appeared to be afraid of Genaro, but as the bout went on he gained confidence in himself by landing some blows to the champion's mid section. Genaro at all times during the battle was the master, holding his opponent off at will.

In the semi-final Midget Smith of New York added another victory to his list when he soundly trounced Joey Schwartz of Detroit in a slashing ten round go.

Smith was the aggressor throughout the fast bout, landing the more and effective blows. Smith, who has fought all the best boys in that class was never in danger. This bout was declared by fans to be the best on the card. Fans who craved for action got it in this scrap as there never was a dull moment during the 30 minutes of fighting.

Sid Barbarian, lightweight champion of Michigan, left January 9 for the Coast where he will engage in some bouts of four round duration. Bert Connors, of Detroit, will act as Sid's manager there. Sammy Pearlstein, manager of the Detroiter, will stay in Detroit.

Pearlstein told this writer his boy stands ready to meet the best in the division, including Benny Leonard, Lew Tendler, Pal Moran, and Charley White. On the coast Barbarian will meet Joe Benjamin, noted lightweight, in that section of the country.

Patsy Wallace, who has been in the ring with Jimmy Wilde, fought in Detroit January 12, meeting Clarence Rosen of Bay City in a ten-round bout. Wallace has met five champions, among them being Pancho Villa, Jimmy Wilde, former world's flyweight champion, Johnny Buff, Frankie Mason, when he held the title, and Pete Herman, when he was bantamweight champion.

Johnny Coulon, former world's bantamweight champion, spent the holidays in Detroit, playing at a local theatre in a sketch called "Try and Lift Me Off the Ground." Many tried to accommodate the diminutive Coulon, but none succeeded as he elected to stay just where his feet were.

Happy New Year to the Ring readers.

TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By EDDIE McFARLAND

Tommy Kid Murphy continued in his winning ways, his latest victim being Harry Battling Leonard at Perth Amboy. Tommy registered a decisive victory. Tommy was assisted in the corner by Jimmy Pinto, his pal and trainer.

Boxing has again come into its own and there is a noticeable improvement in the turn out of fans. This is due perhaps to the fine cards arranged by Cliff Smith, local promoter, and the interest manifested in Tommy Murphy's campaign for a crack at Dundee's crown.

Joe Kid Emmons scored an impressive victory over Bud Spratley, who only recently caused a stir among the local fans by reason of his two round knockout over Wildman Gould.

Johnny Brennan, local flyweight sensation, recently defended his city title against Johnny Murray and Paddy Cavahanu. In winning Brennan had his hands full and both boys have been promised a return bout.

Tommy Kid Murphy handed a trouncing to Kid Harvey here Christmas night in a bout advertised as for the featherweight championship of New Jersey. Harvey was a badly beaten boxer being on the verge of a knockout four or five times throughout the bout.

Although the New Jersey boxing commissioners appear to be very strict in certain respects, the board refuses to consider a suggestion made by Kid Murphy, former bantam champion, that a referee carry with him into the ring a towel to wipe from a boxer's gloves rosin gathered when he is knocked down. This appears to be an ideal suggestion as the Kid blames rosin as the cause of his blindness and only recently K. O. Joe O'Donnell quit the ring with double vision. He also lays the fault to rosin on his opponent's gloves while Pete Herman is another example.

TORONTO NOTES
By JACK JARVIS

One of the biggest surprises in local pugdom was the decisive defeat of Donnie Mack by Pancho Villa. Without making any excuses for Mack, he undoubtedly was not in the condition he should have been, he had been poorly trained, and looked it when he stepped on the Toledoes, and to the amazement of his followers his weight registered 116½ pounds, 1½ pounds below the weight called for in his contract, needless to say the so-called trainer was sent on his way and has not been seen since.

The weight under 118 taken off showed effect in the ring, when the boy only a shadow of his former self displayed extreme nervousness, and the poor condition told its tale long before the end of the battle, anyway the boy will do better next time out and will have plenty of his old "zip."

Johnny Lear and Abe Burley went six rounds to a draw, Harry White copped the decision over Frankie Mack, Phil Lisner should have received the verdict overy Tommy McDonald, but only got a draw. Roy Pollard won over Alf Wade in his first local pro debut, and almost succeeded in knocking out the "Ambitious City" youth in the final round.

The Queensbury A. C. brought along Champion Mickey Walker, and Moe Herscovitch was the selected opponent. Moe was game and faced the music with the same spirit he faced the foes during the Great War, after taking a bad beating for six rounds.

Lou Marsh wisely intervened to stop a game boy from further punishment.

Joe Wagner, manager of Jack Sharkey and Harry Gordon, has added Tommy Kid Murphy to his stable of ring celebrities, through an agreement with Kid Murphy, father of Tommy.

Pat Mills of Ireland scored a victory over Joe Rino of this city on New Year's afternoon before a well filled house. This makes Pat's third victory in the local ring. He had previously beaten Johnny Donnelly and Ray Mitchell here.

Willy Wiggans, Jr., lightweight champion of Trenton, handed a thrashing to Young Ketchell of Bristol in a ten round bout in the simi-windup. In an eight round affair Tommy Feltz of this city won over Bobe Ketchell, brother of Young Ketchell. This bout brought the fans to their feet due to the careless manner in which the boys stood toe to toe and slugged.

Sammy Fulton, local lightweight, who tore a ligament in his shoulder in his bout here with Young Sherlock of Phila., has started training again at Murphy's.

Joe Manze, brother manager of Fulton, has had to call off a number of bouts owing to injury in Johnstown, Ohio, and in Washington.

Chris Newton won the decision after eight innings against Will Devaney, a hard punching Scotch importation. Sid Conn surprised the ring lizards by handing a neat pasting to Tommy Mitchell. Howard Mayberry was given the decision over Harry Burns, while Jay Lanahan punched too hard for Jack Meech in the first bout and Referee Marsh vetoed the battle in the third round.

Frankie Bull, Canadian Champion, went over to Buffalo and after a sizzling battle which Bull appeared to have just about won over Luke Carr, his opponent obtained a draw. Bull, after his good showing, was again offered another bout with Rocky Kansas, but as there is a match in the making with Jimmy Goodrich, he turned it down. Bull is going good right now and will give the best of them a battle. Clonie Tait may be his next Canadian opponent and a red hot battle would result if these two get hitched up.

Jack Reddick, undisputed middle weight champion of Canada, has invaded Toronto in search of opponents. Jack had cleared them all up in Western Canada and had to come east for opponents. Reddick is a cracker-jack and any middle weight who bumps into him outside of the champion, can look for a whole heap of trouble.

Reddick is the best and strongest infighter, seen in this "neck of the woods" for many moons. He recently defeated Billy Emke from Mike Gibbon's string, and his victories over Frisco Jack O'Brien, Mike O'Conner, Gunner Joe Quinn, and other good western boys, Jack also gave Billy Shade quite a lacing in a 20 round battle in Tia Juana.

NUTMEG NOTES

By FRANKLYN J. ADAMS

Sports Editor Meridan (Conn) Record

Lou Bogash, middleweight title aspirant, is ending a year that has been fairly successful to the idol of the Park City fans. Lou has defeated such as Charlie Nashert, Jack McCarron, Andy Palmer, Tommy Dillon, Young Fisher, Jackie Clark, Jimmy Darcy, George Shade, Joe Gans and Jock Malone. He has lost to Jock Malone also and Harry Greb.

Hugh Rorty, erstwhile Eastern league umpire, and promoter of boxing in Hartford during the frigid months, "stepped on" Tom Donahue, member of the State Athletic Commission, recently and refused to come through with the request of the New London member for "Annie Oakleys." Donahue didn't get the duckats and his attempt to stop Rorty's show also proved unsuccessful.

Sammy Waltz, formerly of Hartford, who jogged to the Pacific Coast, is going well, so recent reports flittering eastward would have us to understand. Waltz, now located at Los Angeles, won a decision over Billy Ryan, a Coast featherweight. The bout was one of the best seen in the land of sunshine for some time, according to a clipping mailed along with a personal letter by Waltz to a friend in Hartford.

Young Leonard, of Wallingford, lost a decision to Kid Carson, of Holyoke, in the latter's home town October 30, while Mickey Blaine, also of Holyoke, won an unpopular decision over Young Joe Flynn, of Hartford.

Charlie Cook, of New York, has added Eddie Mack, West Stamford bantamweight, to his stable. Mack in his 52 battles holds decisions over Young Luby, of Bridgeport; Tommy Lynch, of New York, and Frankie Mack, of Hartford. When Mack started out he held Danny Lee, of New York, to a six-round draw.

Young Rogers, of Meridan, defeated Kid Mercer, of Bridgeport, in the latter's home town in a four-round bout October 30. This was one of Rogers' best fights and he showed a "lot of stuff." The main bout was between Young Montreal, of Providence, and Young Luby, of Bridgeport, the former winning easily. Steve Smith, of Bridgeport, and Young Angelo, of Stamford, fought a fast and furious 10-round draw.

Mike Morley, of Hartford, won the decision in his home town over Harry Martono, of Jersey City, November 8, while Young Angelo, of Stamford, stepped out ahead of Johnny Winters, of Hartford, and Young Mack annexed a victory over Bud Dempsey, of New York. The fights were held at Charter Oak Park.

Johnny Shugrue, of Waterbury, maintained his winning ways, fistically speaking, in New Haven November 16 at the Nutmeg A. C. against Ohio Brown. Shugrue got a generous margin of the 12 rounds. Jim Bones, of Bridgeport, and Young Silverburg, of Ansonia, waded through a 10-round draw, and Jack McNulty won over Soldier Lewis. Both these boys are New Havenites. Willie Shugrue bested Johnny Mason, of Bridgeport, when the referee stopped the bout in the fourth, showing the humane as well as the sportsmanship side of his character.

Mickey Travers, of New Haven, who started out like a wild-fire early in the fall, lost to Johnny Drew in Worcester November 23 in a 10-round engagement.

Wop Magnolian, of Boston, won a decision over Young Leonard, of Wallingford, at Hugh Rorty's fight fest November 23. Young Joe Flynn, of Hartford, knocked out Young Rogers, of Meridan, in the fourth. Lew Paluso beat Romeo Roche, of Holyoke, Mass., while Brother Emil annexed a decision over Jackie Moore, also of the Bay State city.

Pal Moore, of Memphis, fighting as hard as he knew how, was only able to get a draw over Kid Lewis, Hartford bantam, in the Insurance City November 19. Moore had Lewis down in the eighth, while the Hartford fifhter floored Moore in the tenth. The bout went the distance of 12 rounds.

On the same card Tracey Ferguson, of Hartford, outfought Billy Woods, of Boston, but got the short end of a poor decision.

Johnny Shugrue, who has occupied much of the above space, is in demand here and there by the different fight clubs. His victory over Luis Vincentini, the Chilean mauler, helped him along splendidly and he probably will be seen in many important bouts during the coming year. Brother Joe is bringing along Willie, who is developing a wallop and a satisfactory amount of cleverness that will increase with time and experience.

Louis (Kid) Kaplan, of Meridan, annexed another victory December 13 at Waterbury when he hammered Allentown Johnny Leonard in the main bout of 12 rounds. Kaplan is about as popular in Waterbury as an undertaker at an octogenarian picnic and all the flags were hung at half-mast following the battle. Shelving the "pearls of wisdom" there was nothing to it but the Meriden boy and he won by more than the proverbial mile. Kaplan is being groomed for a shot at Johnny Dundee, with the junior lightweight title at stake and his showing over Leonard was pleasing. Incidentally, this was Leonard's only defeat out of 27 bouts, but it was a thorough one.

As for the rest of the card Willie Shugrue, of Waterbury, and Johnny Mason, of Bridgeport, staged another one of their "Gallagher and Shean" affairs with Shugrue getting the decision, rightly earned. Young Silverburg, of Ansonia, and Young Mulligan, of Stamford, went eight harmless rounds. Young McAuliffe, of Bridgeport, who refereed the fight, stopped the fight before either battlers were injured. Both were repeatedly warned and Silverburg tried to do his part, but Mulligan refused to take any interest in the proceedings of the evening. The opening clash, between Peter Paladino, of Brooklyn, and Young Marillo, of Torrington, was stopped in the second to save Marillo from further damage.

Young Bob Fitzsimmons, of Nutley, N. J., and Dan O'Dowd, of Boston, fought a 12-round draw in Hartford recently, a fight that did not prove any too attractive. Young Leonard, of Wallingford, lost to Billy Woods, of Boston, while Yussel Pearlstein, of New York, received a technical knockout over K. O. Joe Farren, of Boston.

PUGILISTIC PARS FROM THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES

By JACK WHITTALL

Vic Foley, the Vancouver bantamweight, appears to have disposed of all the opposition in his division in the West and he is now making his way eastwards and hopes to force Bobby Eber, of Hamilton, the holder of the Canadian bantam title into a bout for the said title.

Teddy Newman, who ruled the roost in the 118-pound division in and around Edmonton, Alberta, sought to put a crimp in Foley's aspirations when they met in a fifteen-round bout early in December at Edmonton, but the local boy was decisively outpointed, although he managed to stay the full distance.

"Redcap" Perry is the holder of the Prairie Provinces bantamweight belt and is the official champion in that class and may prove to be the boy to trip up Vic Foley in in his drive for the Canadian title for the fighting redcap carries a wallop and Foley appears to be minus this asset, and almost every instance in ring history where a youngster has toppled a title holder it has been accomplished by the punching ability of the youngster.

Phil Kirkham, of Saskatchewan, has proved himself to be a consistent winner in all his recent bouts, but he was sadly overmatched when he met Johnny Tillman, of St. Paul, in Saskatoon on December 21 for the St. Paul battler outweighed, outreached, outboxed and outfought Kirkham, but he failed to outgame him, for the local boy stayed twelve gruelling rounds during which he was at no time "in front."

Jack Reddick, of Moose Jaw, and Billy Empke, of Minneapolis, met also on this card and it proved to be a ding-dong battle with the decision going to Reddick.

Jimmy Page, a local lightweight, sprang another surprise on the Gibbons stable by going the fulldistance with Len Schwabel, of St. Paul, and holding the tricky Gibbons boy to a draw, although this was his first start since emerging from the four-round class.

Artie Sheire, of St. Paul, was selected bp promoter Louis "Kid" Scaler to oppose Foley on December 21 and the bout proved to be one of the best staged in Edmonton for some time as both boys battled from gong to gong and Foley was awarded the decision on points, a decision he had to work hard for.

Young Owens, of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, is another promising boy in the bantam division and he has lately been cleaning up all the opposition in this central prairie province and in a recent series of eliminations he defeated Vic Skerlton, of Regina, and Percy Buzza, of Winnipeg, the latter being a strong claimant of the Canadian flyweight title, with the result that Owens is now firmly established as the Saskatchewan bantam champion.

Jack Reddick, also of Moose Jaw, claimant of the Canadian middleweight championship, has been making a big clean-up during the last few months and has defeated a host of middleweights and light-heavies. His early performances were not very convincing, but he has shown a marked improvement in his last few bouts and gave a most impressive display when he defeated Billy Empke, of St. Paul, in Winnipeg December 7, three days after a hard fight in which he succeeded in stopping Chuck Foster, of Minneapolis, the latter bout being held in Moose Jaw.

Bill Black, of Winnipeg, who is managing Reddick, has sent him down east as far as Toronto as he figures that the is about ready to swap punches with the best of them and announces that he has him signed to meet some of the best in his division before the snow comes.

Winnipeg has turned out lots of good boys in the past such as "Winnipeg" O'Brien, Abe Mantell, Muff Bronson and later Johnny Mendelsohn, Tommy Burns, Sid Marks and Davey Adelman, but the most promising boxer ever turned out here is a youthful baggage handler at the local C. P. R. depot.

Sammy Trapp, the colored Montana light-heavy, and Charlie Olson, a light-heavy boxer-wrestler, were selected to oppose Moore and they flipped a coin for the privilege of being the first victim of the hard hitting Mark and the Swede lost, but his colored fellow-fighter graciously stepped down and allowed the white boy to take the first crack at the daring visitor. Olson tore right in at the sound of the gong and Moore tore right in just after the sound of the gong and then the helpers started clearing the ring so that Sammy Trapp could have his turn and possibly because Sammy Trapp did not tear right in he was allowed to stay the distance of six rounds for Moore appeared to be content in just outboxing him.

Mark Moore, the Minneapolis middleweight, pulled a new one on the fans at Moose Jaw December 22, when his scheduled opponet failed to appear to meet him in a twelve-round bout.

Moore agreed to meet the two best men the promoters could secure to oppose him taking them on one at a time in the same bout.

"Redcap" Dave Perry, the Prairie Province bantam champion, went on at the last minute with Mike Cherrion, of St. Boniface, as substitute for Percy Buzza, of Winnipeg, in the feature boxing bout of the Empire A. C. New Year's day show, and although he conceded several pounds in weight he easily proved the master of the aggressive Mike in every department, although he had to be content with a point decision.

Joe Holland, junior lightweight of Bredenbury, Sask., made lots of friends with his rugged style of battling and he well earned the decision over "Seaman" Smart, a hard hitting local lightweight, on the same card.

Herb Stone, of the Royal Air Force, battled from gong to gong to snatch a decision from Danny Le Clair in another bout in the lightweight class, this bout also being on the January 1 card in Winnipeg.

Two snappy wrestling bouts rounded out the full program and one of the biggest crowds of the season greeted this holiday attraction.

Patsy Pollock had little trouble defeating Robbie Ruff and Red Carr lost a very close decision to a more experienced opponent in Bobby Swarts, both these bouts being contested at the flyweight limit.

Amateur boxing and wrestling is very popular with the fans in Winnipeg and this city is the home town of four Dominion title holders in the boxing classes, and included in these is Dave "Moose" Coulter, the giant student-boxer who holds the heavyweight title and is a strong possibility for the Olympic championship.

Morrie Schlaifer substituted for Wells against Bud Logan, of Minneapolis, and he did the substituting stuff so thoroughly that Logan never had a chance and he had to use all the tricks he knew of to stay the distance of ten rounds with the bustling Omaha Hebrew.

The Winnipeg Police Athletic Association were responsible for the staging of a most successful two-day tournament on December 15 and 17 and the excellent contests that resulted packed Winnipeg's largest hall both nights.

CAROLINA'S BOXING GOSSIP
By CHARLIE SMITH

The Carolinas are fast coming into their own as boxing centers. Charlotte, N. C., seems to be the central point as well as the best drawing city in the Carolinas. Other cities that are running boxing shows on a small scale are Wilmington, N. C.; Greensboro, N. C.; Asheville, N. C.; Raleigh, N. C.; Rocky Mount, N. C.; New Bern, N. C.; Charleston, S. C.; Columbia, S. C.; Spartenburg, S. C., and Florence, S. C.

The boxing talent is headed by Lukie Tenner, champion featherweight of the South, who is making his headquarters in Charlotte. Other Charlotte boys are Crayton Rowe, junior lightweight; Dave Eddlemen, featherweight, and Parks Rich, welterweight.

Hamlet boasts of Cole Miller who is the best welterweight hereabouts, but Ken Burris, of Wilmington, is fast pushing him for the honors of the State. Wilmington also has a good featherweight in Sailor Lewis. Another good welterweight is Chick Branch, of Asheville, N. C. South Carolina has not any good talent to boast of, but Charleston has Boots Smith and Joe Russell, both featherweights. Spartenburg has Kid Crosby, a bantam who has a reputation as a knockerout. Not a bad array of talent to start off with.

The last show at Charlotte, which was held at the Auditorium on December 14, featured Lukie Tenner, champion featherweight of the South, and Sailor Lewis, of Wilmington. Tenner gave Lewis a neat boxing lesson and a severe pasting stopping him after seven rounds of milling in which Lewis gave a great exhibition of gameness.

A bombshell was exploded recently by Lukie Tenner in the Atlanta, Ga., newspapers when he challenged both Tim O'Dowd and Lew Silver in the same ring on the same night with a half hour's rest between bouts. The issue was immediately taken up by various newspapers throughout the southeastern territory with the suggestion that an elimination tournament be held to decide as to who is the real southern featherweight champion.

The trouble came about when Walk Miller, Atlanta promoter, gave a belt to the winner of a Tim O'Dowd-Lew Silver battle which he claimed was for the southern featherweight championship. Tim O'Dowd received the decision and claimed the southern title. Prior to that time Tenner was generally recognized as the southern champion.

Tenner felt he was having something put over on him as he had challenged both boys a number of times at the featherweight limit without a result. The writer is also in a position to know of five promoters who are willing to stage a Tenner-O'Dowd or a Tenner-Silver match, but it seems that they do not want any of Tenner. Perhaps the reason is that Tenner, out of sixty-two battles, has scored sixty-five knockdowns, kayoing twenty-three of those opponents and has only lost four referrees' decisions. He has participated in twenty-one contests in 1923, kayoing eight and lost one referee's decision.

NEBRASKA BOXING NOTES
By JIMMY FARHART

"Omaha's fighting fool," Morris Schlaifer, is getting his stride again. The Omaha welter has won three fights recently by the K. O. route. The victims were Harry Simmons, Patsy Rocco and Dago Joe Ganz. Morrie, when in shape, is one of the toughest customers in the game.

Eddie Morris, Sioux City welter, handed Charlie Long, local colored welter, a terrific lacing in ten rounds at St. Paul, Minn. Charlie is a clever lad and his defeat was a surprise to his Omaha followers.

"One-Step Watson" is working out daily at the Business Men's Gym. To quote "Step": "He bars no one and is willing to fight any place, any time and any one his weight."

The sensational little featherweight, Buddie Chambers, will soon leave for a number of fights lined up through the South. Buddie is a great favorite throughout the Southwest where he has defeated some of the best boys. He expects to be back within a month.

Jack Lawrence, a newcomer in Omaha, is going like a house afire. Since his arrival he has engaged in seven battles winning them all in a walkaway. This Chicago lightweight looks like the real goods and local promoters realize that they will have to import a first-class lightweight to give this "Chicago Speed King" a real battle. With a few more good fights under his belt, Lawrence might develop into a serious lightweight contender. In his recent fights he has shown a volume of speed that has seldom been seen in these parts.

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Matchmaker McDonald of the Cudahy Athletic Club lined up some attractive bouts for his show on December 14 at South Omaha. The main event between Erwin Bige, "Omaha Grocer Boy," and "Bat" Strayer, Lincoln welterweight, proved that cash customers are always in for a real fight when Mac puts them on.

Gene Melady, Omaha sportsman, was well pleased with the showing his heavyweight protege Big Munn made against Jack Clifford, of St. Paul. Although Munn was K. O.'d in the third round, he showed that he was game and that is all Gene wanted to know as this was Big Munn's first professional fight.

TRI-STATE BOXING NEWS
By M. FRANK PRENDERGAST

A fight that may result in legislative action against the methods of the Maryland State Boxing Commission has been started by the Fort Cumberland Post, American Legion. The Legion posts throughout western Maryland take exception to the manner in which the Commission deposed Harry Flook as its representative at Cumberland, Md., and appointed John Sharer, a politician, in his stead. Protests have been fiiled with the State commander of the American Legion and legislative action is threatened.

Fay Keiser, champion of the Seventy-ninth Division, A. E. F., who started Bob Martin, A. E. F. champion, on his downward path in professional circles, is doing a comeback after a lay-off of six months. Keiser opened a gymnasuim at Mt. Savage, Md., and in his come-back, December 14, won on points from Jimmy Darsy in a fast twelve-round bout.

Joe Lohman, Toledo heavyweight, and Mild Bill Reed, of Columbus, Ohio, Pennsylvania Railroad champion, opened the winter boxing season at the State Armory in Cumberland December 6. Lohman won after getting a wide margin in the early rounds when he floored Reed four times. The railroader came back to force the milling in the closing sessions.

Calton "Funny" Newman has been named matchmaker for the American Legion posts in western Maryland. A. J. "Doc" Fordney will put on regular biweekly bouts at Oakland after bringing the glove game back to the mountain city following a lapse of several years. Fordney's first bout attracted fans from West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Maryland.

K. O. Yutzy, the hard hitting welterweight from Meyersville, Pa., who scored a five-round kayo over "Bobby" Green, of Cumberland, Md., in the first Oakland show, duplicated the stunt ten days later at Cumberland when he had Green all but out in the sixth. Green was saved from further punishment when his seconds threw in the sponge.

John Snyder, of "Maryland, My Maryland" fame, who claims only the intervention of Governor Harrington stopped the Willard-Dempsey bout from being staged at Cumberland, is devoting all his attention to staging bouts at Maryland Theatre, Cumberland.

Joe Packo, Toledo, Ohio, and Jimmy Darrah, of Akron, Ohio, welterweights, fought a fast twelve-round draw at the Armory, Cumberland, December 14.

Harry Nieman, assistant matchmaker of the Motor Square Garden, Pittsburgh, has been dickering with Fay Keiser for a bout with Harry Greb. Keiser insists that Greb make the middleweight limit for the proposed fight, which would be the twelfth meeting of the two boys. Greb tutored Keiser when the latter was an amateur around the Smoky City and the pupil and teacher have since met on eleven occasions. Greb won on points in seven clashes, with Keiser getting the laurels in the other four.

Bobby Merritt, U. S. Navy welterweight, is making his home at Cumberland and plans to fight out of the Queen City.

Joe Cifala, Tri-State bantam champ, upset another aspiring battler when he went out of his class to administer a lacing to Cliff Vogel, of Akron, Ohio. Cifala is after a crack at some of Max Waxman's boys in Baltimore and may be seen in the Monumental City this spring. The little Italian is a pocket edition of Johnny Dundee, and has a big following in this section.

Patsy Gainor, Cumberland middleweight, has given up the glove game to continue his studies at Allegheny High School. Gainor is sought by several colleges and wants to take a fling at college football before getting back into the ring. Patsy had scored 14 knockouts in 23 bouts before he answered the school-bell in September.

OHIO BOXING NEWS
By GEORGE LEVECQUE

With the change in the city administration, professional boxing will soon open again in Cleveland. Promoters are getting their clubs organized and arenas located with a view to opening as soon as the word is given.

Cleveland has always been a good city for boxing and big crowds have attended the larger matches. The contests between Johnny Wilson and Bryan Downey and Johnny Kilbane and Danny Frush drew large amounts and other matches there have done equally as well.

Cincinnati opened its winter season December 17 with a fine match between Joe Anderson and Bobby Bridges. Matches will follow each Monday night. The Cincinnati Boxing Commission handles the affairs of the boxers in a most systematic manner and has been fair in all its dealings with the boxers, clubs, promoters and managers.

Boxing in Columbus has been a little quiet the past month. Matches have not drawn so well in most instances largely because there is not a suitable place for indoor shows.

Toledo and Dayton have been drawing good and for the most part the matches have been good ones.

Following his victory at Indianapolis over Roy Wallace, Anthony Downey took on Harry Fay, of Pittsburgh, at Canton, O., Dec. 11. Downey gave the youngster a rather hard lacing and almost stopped him in the first round of their 10 round mill.

Fay proved a good boy and in many respects resembled Harry Greb in the ring. This style has been acquired as sparring partner for Greb.

It was a no-decision match. Boxing men at the ringside were of the opinion that Downey hit too hard for Fay.

A match that will shortly be arranged at Dayton, O., will bring K. O. Mars and Blockie Richards together. The men have agreed on weight, 132 pounds, and all that is needed to set the match in is for the promoters to pay the boxers a reasonable price. This, it is believed, will be arrived at before another week follows.

Mars has been boxing in exceptionally good form ever since he took the decision over Jack Zivic at Columbus a few weeks back. Richards, too, has been winning consistently.

Biddy Bishop, who is managing several good boxers at Cincinnati, has in Jimmy Moore, colored, a very promising boxer. Moore, who recently at Columbus had Jack Oakes, now of Buffalo, on the floor for the count, is spoken of as an opponent for Panama Joe Gans. This match may be made shortly by an eastern club. Moore defeated Indian Horner at Anderson, Ind., two weeks ago.

Sammy Sandow, who is training at Cincinnati, will soon meet Lew Silver at Atlanta, Ga. Promoters at Atlanta want this match and Sandow's manager says he is willing to accept it.

When Sandow defeated Tommy Ryan of McKeesport, Pa., at Cincinnati, a few months ago, he showed the best form of his career and it is believed by his trainers that he will make any of the good boxers of his weight hustle to defeat him.

The following boxers are working out daily at Biddy Bishop's new gymnasium, 30 Opera Place, Cincinnati: Anthony Downey, middleweight, K. O. Mars 130 pounds, Sammy Sandow 120 pounds, Alex Novecky 135 pounds, Joe Anderson 147 pounds, Jimmy Katz 118 pounds, Jimmy Moore 150 pounds, Russell Gillam 135 pounds, Jack Sheppard 145 pounds, Joe Mara 128 pounds, Ray Maher 138 pounds, Joe Downey 195 pounds, Ward Heath 180 pounds, Eddie McDonald 180 pounds, Super Hudson 158 pounds, Steve Koplan 154 pounds, Louie Baker 130 pounds, Phil Keith 142 pounds, Hippy Heib 145 pounds, Tommy Murphy 118 pounds, A. Curtice 138 pounds, Joe Koubek 120 pounds, Larry Singleton 145 pounds.

Mike O'Rourke, local boxing promoter, is making plans for 1924. He says he intends to have a new open air arena and also an inclosed place to stage winter shows.

Joe Golden of New York, passed through Columbus recently on his way back to New York from Milwaukee where he handled Pal Moran in a match with Johnny Mendelsohn. Golden says he would like to get Moran a match here with K. O. Mars. Mars has a referee decision over Moran in a 15 round contest at New Orleans.

DECIDE NAVY CHAMPIONSHIPS
By Lieutenant Heinie Miller, Sports Editor, "Our Navy" Magazine

New York City's fight fanatics experienced a few new sensations last week when the reins of historic Madison Square Garden were temporarily surrendered by Tex Rickard to Vice Admiral Newton A. McCully and Lieutenant Hamilton Bryan, commander in chief and athletic officer, respectively, of the Scouting Fleet.

It was a real show. We saw a real champion dethroned after a bitter battle. We saw a heavyweight black and white affair in which the white man's hope, a retired ring vet, came back to get away with what Jeffries failed at. We saw a top-heavy kayo favorite knocked cold by a so-called "wild punch." And every fight was a real battle.

Young Dencio, 100 pound pride of the Presidential yacht Mayflower, brought his million dollar smile into the ring and left with it intact, having handed out a fine pasting to Jose Javier, for many years all-Navy flyweight champion. This was a real battle. After getting his bearings in the first round the little brown kewpie doll from the Mayflower began a consistent attack on his bigger adversary. From all angles he shot them into Jose. The latter fought back grimly, prettily, with all his science in play. But Dencio was outside of the Javier right uppercut, inside the Javier left jab, hooking, whanging, punching hard and fast. The harder he was stung the harder he fought, at times the little brown kewpie doll became a little brown wildcat, ripping, tearing, punishing, but never losing the million dollar smile. And don't get the idea that Javier surrendered cheaply.

Thus the President's yacht wins her first athletic belt. It took a real fighter to win it at that. And now the King's Houseboat has two celebrities on board: Calvin Coolidge and Young Dencio. Villa my lick this boy but we won't believe it until we see it done.

Bob Grant wins his eighth

Navy belt. Owing to the dearth of heavyweights in the Fleet Ensign Mickey O'Regan, aided and abetted by the Wyoming's crew, urged Grant to essay a come back to take the measure of Battling Dungay, big colored boy from the Colorado. Dungay is no sap. He has met the best of them, including Kid Norfolk.

Neither was he a sap in the ring with Grant. Dungay made a good, game, clean fight and won many friends. But Grant was the Grant of old, probably better than on many previous occasions. He boxed with cool precision, stepped around, used his head and sent home solid shots. Gradually he wore the heavier tar baby down. Just as the final gong rang, ending the contest, Grant dropped Dungay cold with a pretty right uppercut. He would not have gotten up unaided. Game to the core, staggering, badly bleeding, the black boy wallowed to his corner. Grant was great. He had to be to take Dungay. The latter is a very good fighter, very clean and very game. Grant was the old phone operator this night; he had everybody's number for one evening anyway.

Mickey Grey, whom the Wyoming has been touting as a second Honey Boy Finnigan, was all confidence, a sure winner, in his bout with Nick Esposito, blond wop from the destroyer Reid. Mickey began working like a master, but found Esposito ready to do business at all times. Grey was getting on swimmingly, piling up a slight lead when "Whang," like a bolt from the blue, Esposito's right hand smashed home to the point. Grey fell like a log, his head striking the floor with a bang, out cold.

A "lucky punch" says the Wyoming bunch. Mebbe so, Esposito was in there trying to land it, Grey to block it. There ARE NO LUCKY PUNCHES. They're paying off on them this season. And any other season.

The wrestling events on the program were nothing to get excited about. They just didn't click.

Tarzan Knight, tin eared veteran champion from the Utah, did not allow Blackie Gemas, U. S. S. Lamson, to linger long. In just one minute and forty five seconds Knight slammed on a forearm lock and quarter nelson and it was another case of "Good Knight." He knows plenty of stuff.

In the middleweight event six extra minutes were called for before Gypsy Boy Eddie Shabboo could show superiority over Harry Ekizian, Armenian lad on the Utah. The Florida's gypsy needed all he had to get the edge even then. Shabboo knows a bit too much for the Armenian, but they are fairly evenly matched.

Mike Michaels, of the Wyoming, won the welter belt in four minutes with a fore arm lock over Pete Smitka, of the Utah. They buzzed while it lasted.

Bob Przybylski, Wyoming won the lightweight mill by default.

Some months ago we stated that "Washington Billy" Vincent would make a fleet belt if given the chance. Now on the destroyer Flusser, Billy came through to the belt against Bob Tagium, mighty good Filipino southpaw from the Seattle. Tagium fought a great fight and held his own in the earlier rounds.

Now ain't this the canary's garters? One Round Joe Jackson Morano, from the Florida, walloped around in the finals year after year, kept on trying. This year he came through against Morris Schecter, of the Rappahannock. It was not much of a boxing bout but a pretty good fight. Just two guys mixin' it. Morano hit the floor once but went better after he got up. Schechter took a good licking but assimilated it in Navy style.

Humer Hummell, U. S. S. Wyoming, boxing as a lightweight, won with plenty to spare, from Jack Skinner, fighting yeoman from the Wright. The bout was marred by too much holding, both men being guilty of this offense.

No show would be complete without a ration of the well known razzburrus. It came when the judges called for an extra round between Al Monge, Wyoming, and Kid Bautista, U. S. S. Overton. Bautista had four of the first six rounds with the other two even. How the judges called it a draw is one for Houdini to get out of. The extra seventh round was all Monge's. So he got the nod and the belt.

Charlie Hoffman, U. S. S. Colorado, ex-Army battler, won on a clean knockout from Jack Ferguson, U. S. S. Mercy a very game and very good boy who lacks the needed experience. He can come along later and make the grade. This was an old fashioned Donneybrook with both men trying to knock each other loose from their Christmas trees.

PANAMA BOXING NOTES
By RICARDO ACEVEDO

One of our recent visitors was Luis Angel Firpo, the South American Heavyweight Champion. Firpo remained here two days and was to give an exhibition with sparring partners, but was unable to do it because it rained all the day.

Juan Beiza, a Chilean boxer who has fought Vicentini, the Champion of Chile, now in the States, is one of our guests.

Midget Toneta, the 16 year old boxer, gave the fans a big surprise when he held Kid Gallardo to a draw in a ten round fight. Gallardo is one of our leading bantams.

In his first start here, Buddy Saunders fought Lucas Campos a ten round no decision contest, and was awarded the newspapers' decision. Campos made Saunders kiss the canvas once.

In his second fight, he lost the decision to Charlie Pitts in a fifteen round battle. Charlie and Buddy will be matched again, and the promoters will have a full house.

Jose Lombardo, Featherweight Champion of Central and South America, proved once more in his fight with Sailor Lussier, of the U. S. S. Cleveland, that he is still the same old reliable fighting machine, head and shoulders above any fighter who ever appeared in these parts. Lussier went just four rounds with him, and after the first, there was nothing in doubt except just when the K. O. would come.

The following is quoted from "The Star and Herald" the day after the fight:

"The fact that Lussier failed to stay fifteen rounds with Lombardo is no evidence that he is not a good average featherweight. The truth of the matter is that Lombardo is of world's championship caliber and is not likely to meet serious opposition while he remains in Panama. He should have been fighting in Madison Square Garden twelve months ago. He is wasting his time here and passing up a chance for the big money. If Wirt Ross (his manager) is wise he will abandon in this case his favorite theory that three set ups for small change are better than one hard fight for a real purse, and get Lombardo into fast company without too much delay.

Panama Carpentier, the bantamweight champion of Panama, is making ready for an extensive campaign which his manager has mapped out for him. Carpentier is one of the champions who is always busy.

Ramon Arosemena, who recently acquired the lightweight title, is best known as the "Panama Kid McCoy" for his cleverness and ring generalship.

Jose Lombardo, the featherweight champion of the Republic who has a large following and has been going like a house on fire of late.

BOXING BITS FROM SOUTHWEST AND MEXICO
By DON CEE

Boxing seems to have taken a temporary slump around the pugilistic centers of the Southwest, due no doubt to the many heavy rainfalls. Through Texas, Oklahoma, New Mexico and the northern part of Old Mexico, it has been raining steadily for the past two months, which, kind of weather is not conducive to good spirits, therefore the waning interest in the glove sport until the weather breaks into sunshine again.

Jack Shelton, who has for years been promoting boxing shows for the "Businessmen's Athletic Club" in San Antonio, Texas, has been without a location to hold indoor fights for the past month and has moved his base of operations temporarily to Waco, Texas, where he has held two boxing shows under the auspices of the American Legion.

The Kelly Field Officials have to date held six elimination trial shows leading up to the final tournament for the championships in the various weight divisions of the large aero depot and the fight situation at Kelly Field has gotten to the point where all but the very best fighters have been eliminated in trial bouts and the coming Kelly Shows are going to exhibit some mighty classy performers.

There are many ex-professional boxers enlisting in the Army now and Kelly Field and the Army Camps encircling Texas have their share of good boxing talent. The Army Posts are putting on very attractive fights, which should be well supported.

The runners up in the Kelly Field Flyers tournament, boys who have won all their previous bouts and who will take part in the big final tournament are named below:

Billy Huskey, 128 lbs.; Battling Shields, 135 lbs.; Billy Rowland, 133 lbs.; A. Madson, 160 lbs.; Elsworth, 160 lbs.; E. Lawrence, 140 lbs.; Spark Plug Gilmore, 128 lbs.; Jack Vincent, 160 lbs.; A. W. Randall, 116 lbs.; Dan O'Connell, 116 lbs.; Clumsey Sneider, 140 lbs.; Floyd Williams, 155 lbs.; Kid Williams, 140 lbs.; R. B. Rogers, 155 lbs.; G. M. Murley, 110 lbs.; Jack Graves, 155 lbs.; Wm. (Kid) Meyers, 145 lbs.

Bum Spears, one time noted middleweight negro boxer about the West Coast and the Southwest, is now in the promoting game. Bum promotes semi-monthly fight shows in the Negro community house on Chestnut St., in San Antonio, Texas.

He is at it again! We mean old Sam Langford, the once elongated "Boston Tar Baby" Thamy, went round and round with tough young "Sonny" Goodrich at San Antonio, Texas, on December 21. The two heavyweight men of color were scheduled to fight twelve rounds, but when the gate receipts were counted, Sam decided that he would be doing the small attendance of customers a favor to show at all, so the bout was cut to ten rounds. Rain and cool weather kept the fans at home.

Sam started in his usual style, by sliding out of his corner in a half circle, so that he could hem his lighter and younger opponent up in a corner or else draw him into a clinch, as most every one knows by this time, Langford is almost totally blind and has to feel his opponent before he can start an accurate blow. We want to say right here though, that "Chappy" Langford can see plenty well enough to slam 'em on the whiskers while he has them in close, as in his bout with Goodrich, Sam caught the Alamo City pug twice and the curtains were almost rung down in both instances.

We can't take any credit away from Langford for being outpointed by such a tough

young opponent as Son Goodrich, because "Sonny," is on his way to the top fast and Sammy has been over the peak for many years, but still good enough to beat most of the present crop of heavies, who claim they are the best.

The semi windup to Langford and Goodrich, was a humdinger and worth the admission price in itself. Sonny Wallace and Battling Deuce mixed it for eight rounds and they put out enough fighting to quell the revolution now going on in Mexico. Wallace, was knocked down in the fourth, but got up again when the spirit moved him around about the seven count and sailed into Deuce with renewed fury. After the eight rounds were run off the referee gave the decision to Deuce, which pleased all the fans. Bum Spears put on the Langford-Goodrich fracas.

Readers of RING, will recall the meteroic rise in the boxing game of Bud Taylor the Terre Haute, Indiana, bantam, now managed by Eddie Kane. Taylor entered the leather pushing business along in the latter part of 1919 as a stable mate of Don Curley, who was instrumental in bringing the great little Indiana battler to the high position in pugdom that he now enjoys. Buddie, started into his chosen profession knocking his opponents, and good ones, right and left. Middlewestern fans will recall that Taylor, earned an easy win over Frankie Mason in his thirteenth fight. Mason at that time was in his prime and the American flyweight champion. Now, since being incapacitated by an accident for active boxing, Don Curley, sends word from the far Southwest, where he has settled for his health, that he now has a second Bud Taylor under his wing in the person of a sixteen year old lad, who is a natural fighter and can do anything he is told, regarding the use of his hands and foot motion.

Frankie Ford, is the monicker of the Fighting Fly working under the direction of Curley and setting the Texas fight bugs wild with his positive action in the Southwest fight arenas.

Curley, knows his oil in handling fighters, has turned out some good ones in the past and declares that Frankie Ford, is one of the best prospects he has ever had any dealings with. Ford has had eight fights to date winning them all but two by knockouts and the other two were positive wins.

Billy (Kid) Williams, of San Antonio, has all the border cities bantamweights sidestepping him, which has the Kid looking in other parts of the country for work. Billy, carries a wicked left hook and it seems all the boys in Texas, who write bantamweight after their names want him to tie it down before they will consent to tangle with him. Williams, has an impressive list of victories, all won on the Texas-Mexico border.

CHICAGO BOXING NEWS
By CULVER CODY

Joe Burman is back home after his most unfortunate affair in New York. Joe Lynch, previously, had postponed their meeting several times and when he finally called off the title bout at the last moment, it is no wonder that the Windy City boy lost heart and ambition. Burman will probably get a chance at the crown before long and there are many fans around here who think he will dethrone Lynch.

Jock Malone, fresh from a victory over Panama Joe Gans, is going better than ever. Most of the boys stay away from this hard-hitting middleweight, for Jock likes to fight when he gets inside the squared-circle.

The recent success of Sammy Mandell in the east created no surprise to Chicagoians. This good-looking featherweight has real class and has always been well liked out here. Sammy is the owner of one of the best left hands in the business.

Kid Howard's famous Arcade is the scene of amateur bouts every Tuesday night. Howard Carr is personally coaching the young fellows for the international contests in Europe and has discovered some promising material. Much credit is due the "Kid" for he is a true-blooded sportsman, always doing something for the good of the boxing game.

Joey Kaufman, the former amateur champ of Long Island, has made quite a name for himself around here. This boy-bantam has won all of his starts, and will probably be meeting the best men in his division before long.

West Side Jack O'Keefe is enthusiastic over the recent victories of his star welterweight, Joe O'Hara. Coming to Chicago from Fort Dodge, Iowa, this lad has fought his way into the hearts of the boxing public by virtue of his aggressiveness, boxing and slugging ability, and modest personality. O'Hara recently gave Dave Shade a hard ten-round baatle.

Charlie Van, a local heavyweight, is planning a busy winter campaign. Sig Hart is managing Van.

Jim Mullen, live wire promoter and matchmaker, is a busy man these days. St. Louis and Peoria have recently been favored with the efforts of this human dynamo, who is presenting the fans such fighters as Pal Moore, Joe Lynch, Irish Johnny Curtin, Joe Burman, Mike Dundee and other stellar lights. Mullen was forced to bid against Tex Rickard for the Burman-Curtin match, which goes to prove that this part of the country will support good scraps.

Bud Taylor, the Terre Haute bantam sensation, is laid up at present with a sore right hand but will be back at 'em soon.

Barney Abel, popular manager of the Arcade, is a regular scout and well-liked by all the boxers.

Patsy Flannigan and Georgie Butch, both of St. Louis, are two of the busiest bantamweights in the game, being always in demand by matchmakers. These friendly rivals have fought them all and never fail to satisfy the fans.

Patsy Rocco, the hard-hitting East Chicago welter, lost a tough battle to Morrie Schlaiffer, the Omaha flash, recently.

CRESCENT CITY FISTIC NOTES
By CLIFF ABBO
New Orleans Sporting Bulletin

Martin Burke, local light heavyweight, returned to New Orleans for the holidays after spending five days in the hunting party with Champion Jack Dempsey in Los Vegas, N. M. Burke made his debut on the Pacific coast with Jack Delaney, losing a four round decision, and now promoters here are trying to induce Delaney to come to New Orleans and engage Burke in a fifteen rounder.

Basil Galiano, Southern lightweight champion, made his Eastern debut on Thanksgiving Day in Philadelphia, losing the decision to Danny Kraemer in an eight round bout. Galiano had never fought a southpaw before and was just getting warmed up when the finish came. Over the fifteen round route, Philadelphia writers say that Galiano probably would have won handily. Galiano is tentatively matched in Philly for another engagement.

Upon his return to New Orleans, Galiano was married and will not campaign until after the New Year. He just turned 21 years of age and Gotham is his goal now.

Johnny Clinton, New York lightweight, was matched with Galiano here on December 7th, but ran out the match because of weight making stipulation. He agreed to make 137 pounds ringside, and when transportation was forwarded, he said that 142 pounds was the best he would do and further announced that Scotty Montieth was now doing his business. Monteith insisted over long distance that Clinton was in no condition to fight.

New Orleans' latest middleweight sensation, Young Marullo, scored an impressive one round knockout over Soldier Buck of Louisville here recently. Buck had previously shown in New Orleans with Dude Martinez and was regarded as tough timber for Dr. Paul Schaffer's middleweight. The round had not progressed two minutes when Marullo caught Buck with a terrific right hand punch behind the ear. The latter was unconscious for several minutes after he was counted out. Marullo's next opponent in New Orleans will be Steve Choynski, Pittsburg middleweight.

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In one of the greatest slugging bees ever witnessed here, Tommy Freeman of Hot Springs, won in fifteen rounds over Red Hill, local middleweight. Freeman collapsed after the bout and had to remain in his dressing-room several hours after the battle.

Eddie Anderson, Chicago lightweight, made his debut here in a fifteen round bout with Bill Kennedy, local boy who just returned from the Pacific coast.

Young McGovern, decisively defeated Alex Norvecky in a fifteen rounder here and is now being groomed for a shot with K. O. Jaekle or some other good boy.

Solly Harris, who was with the Gibbons party in Shelby and who handles Jack Thompson, negro fighter who recently fought Wills, is in New Orleans for the races. So is Johnny Victor and other New York fight fans. They attend the local shows regularly and are always looking for the latest issue of THE RING.

Eddie Burnbrook, sensational army welterweight of Jimmy Bronson, is slated to make his debut here in a fifteen rounder with Mickey Forkins of Chicago during the race meeting.

A number of out of town fighters have written the writer in regard to local fighters, promoters and etc. Their names have been turned over to the local promoters.

The Police Pension Fund, which gets the surplus over expenses collected by the Louisiana State Boxing Commission, gathered in some $2,000 this year from the fistic shows as a Christmas present.

For the information of RING readers, the following are the principal fighters now going good around New Orleans: Bantams: Kid Carlin, Charlie Rodriguez, Percy Vinet, Pascal Coletti, Frankie Demari, Ashton Donza. Feathers: Joe Cook, Eddie McKenna, Bill Kennedy. Junior lightweights: Charlie Feraci, Joe Matranga. Lightweights: Basil Galiano, Young Leonard, Pal Moran. Welters: Tommy Freeman, Young Denny. Middleweights: Young Marullo, Red Hill, Dude Martinez. Light heavy to heavy: Martin Burke.

Young Marullo, sensational New Orleans middleweight, added another scalp to his belt in one Steve Choynski, Milwaukee middleweight. It required Marullo just one minute of the first round to dispose of Choynski by a clean knockout. This is his fourth straight kayo, Harry Krohn, Jimmy King and Soldier Buck having gone before.

BUFFALO BOXING NEWS
By HUGH SHANNON

Buffalo is one of the best boxing towns in the good old U. S. A. and both the Queensberry and Velodrome clubs are packing 'em in. New Years day Rocky Kansas won a decision over Teddy Meyers at the Velodrome in a hectic battle. Meyers scored two knockdowns over the rugged Rocky and once Kansas sent Meyers down for a long count. Teddy was not strong enough to keep Kansas away from him and Rocky was a winner by a comfortable margin. It is plain that Kansas will not have any local rivals to fear for some time, unless he would meet Frankie Schoell, who is now a welterweight. Schoell, at that, is no heavier than Benny Leonard and Lew Tendler, but Kansas will not box the East Sider unless Schoell would do around 137, which is impossible now. Schoell is one of the world's best welterweight boxers and he would be foolish to make any such ridiculous weight concessions.

Jack Oakes, negro welterweight star, and Joe Saviola boxed the most sensational bout seen here in years at the Queensberry club on December 27. Oakes won beyond a doubt, but the judges were charitable and called the scrap a draw. Next time Oakes should win by a knockout, a feat he nearly accomplished in the second round when he had Saviola punched drunk.

Tommy Ryan, the crack bantamweight, who has ben laid up for three months is O. K. again. He promises to win the bantam title before 1924 is over. Good resolutions, Thomas, and we believe you can do it if you get a match with Lynch. The champion, however, is a will-o'-the-wisp when it comes to avoiding dangerous fighters. Anyone who can beat Joe Burman, Irish Johnny Curtin, Young Montreal, Terry Martin, Harry London, Abe Goldstein and other stars must be of championship stock. This much Ryan accomplished in 1923.

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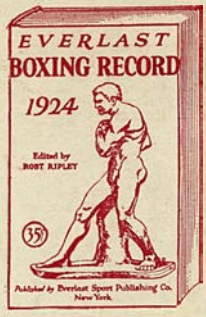

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